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THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO.—I.

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Author of "Two Years in the Jungle."

AT last the game butchers of the great West have stopped killing buffalo. The buffalo are all dead! The time has now arrived for the Territories to enact stringent laws against the killing of these animals, and I am pleased to see that the Montana Legislature has just rushed through a bill to that effect—only ten years behind its time! Next year, when the last buffalo of the eighty head still alive in the Panhandle of Texas is hunted down and killed, it will be time for the Lone Star State to frame a bill for his protection; but its final passage can hardly be expected until about 1897.

While the Territories are passing laws against the killing of buffalo, they ought also, by all means, to make the killing of mastodons between August 15th and December 1st punishable by a fine or imprisonment. They should also pass laws against the shipping of mastodon carcasses out of their respective territorial limits; for there is such a world of difference between the killing of twenty-six head of game for an Eastern market and the slaughter of that number in one season by one hunter (on Sunday Creek, for instance) to eat, to feed to his dogs, and to let lie in a heap until half of it spoiled.

I am really ashamed to confess it, but we have been guilty of killing buffalo in the year of our Lord 1886. Under different circumstances, nothing could have induced me to engage in such a mean, cruel, and utterly heartless enterprise as the hunting down of the last representatives of a vanishing race. But there was no alternative. The Philistines

were upon them, and between leaving them to be killed by the care-for-naught cowboys, who would leave them to decay, body and soul, where they fell, and killing them ourselves for the purpose of preserving their remains, there was really no choice. Perhaps you think a wild animal has no soul; but let me tell you it has. Its skin is its soul, and when mounted by skillful hands, it becomes comparatively immortal.

Now a days it is such an honor to kill a buffalo that whenever a cowboy sees one he chases it, in order to be able to say that he has "chased buffalo;" and if he possibly can, he shoots it to death, in order that he may carry back to his camp five pounds of lean buffalo hump, and have his name go thundering down the ages. It would be an interesting psychological study to determine the exact workings of the mind of a man who is capable of deliberately slaying a noble animal, in the full knowledge that he can make no earthly use of it, but must leave its magnificent skin, its beautiful head, and several hundred pounds of fine flesh to the miserable coyotes and the destroying elements. If such an act is not deliberate murder, in heaven's name, what is it? And yet, there are hundreds of intelligent men who can do such things, and others who can even kill half a dozen tuskless elephants in one forenoon, and call it "sport."

Foreseeing that the great American bison is absolutely certain to be exterminated in a few years, the distinguished Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution determined last

year to step in ahead of the cowboys and hunters before it became too late, and secure a large series of specimens of all ages and both sexes for the National Museum. It was also determined to lay in store specimens for other museums that will want them just as soon as it becomes too late to collect any. Inasmuch as the specimens of bison then in the National Museum were few in number, and far below the standard in quality, it was vitally necessary that we should secure, at all hazards, a series that should be the finest extant. It happened that the subscriber was charged with the duty of finding and collecting the specimens required.

In May, last year, we set out on a voyage of discovery, greeted at every step by the cheerful assurance, "The buffalo are all gone; and you can't get any anywhere." Wondering whether we would find our game in Montana, Texas, or the British Possessions, we decided to try Montana first, and to the great astonishment of the natives, as well as ourselves, were lucky enough—thanks to Dr. J. C. Merrill—to go straight to a tract of country which, ever since 1883, has furnished

safe hiding, feeding, and breeding grounds for about seventy-five head.

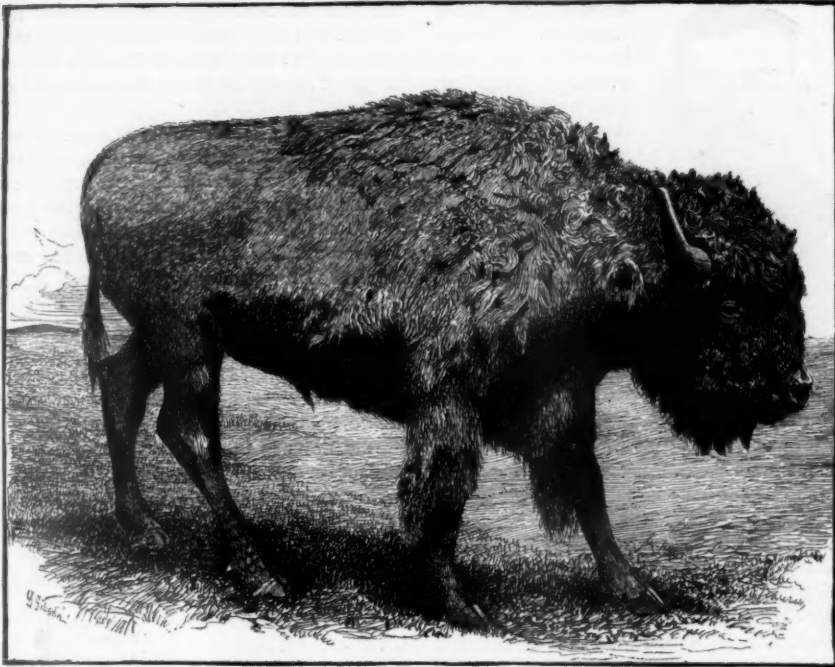
The people of Miles City and also the army officers at Fort Keogh were all totally ignorant of the existence of those animals, and but for the information that came to me from Stillwater, one hundred and eighty-seven miles farther west, I might never have heard of them at all. When we reached Miles City on the 10th of May, the good people of that place were so sure there were no buffalo anywhere in that part of Montana, they almost talked us out of going any farther in that direction. When in the very depths of uncertainty luck came to our rescue. We met a big-hearted ranchman from the Little Dry—Mr. Henry R. Phillips, of the well-known LU-bar Ranch—and in a quiet but mighty convincing way, he said:

"There certainly are a few buffalo in the bad lands west of our range, for one of our men killed a cow on Sand Creek on the 6th of this month; and about thirty-five head have been seen. If you go up there and hunt them, *and stick to it*, you're almost sure to get some in the end."

That settled it. We begged Mr. Phillips



WHERE THE MILLIONS HAVE GONE.



SPIKE BULL.

From the group in the National Museum.

to "accept the assurance of our profound consideration," as the diplomats say, and immediately pulled across the treacherous Yellowstone for the head waters of Little Dry Creek. Through the kindness of the Secretary of War we were furnished by the Quartermaster of Fort Keogh with field transportation, camp equipage, and a small escort, and no matter how hard Lieutenant Thompson may have thought we were going on a wild-goose chase, he was an officer and a gentleman, and therefore could not say it, at least in our hearing.

With our great ark of a six-mule wagon loaded to the wagon bows, we toiled slowly northward through the bad lands up the Sunday Creek trail. We were thirty-five miles from Miles City when we saw our first antelope, and forty when we came to the first bleaching bones of a buffalo. The former had been exterminated up to that point, and the buffalo bones all picked up and sold for fertilizer. While in camp at the water-hole at the Red Buttes, a benighted teamster was guided to us by the light of the lantern that

shone on the coyote I was skinning. The wayfarer proved to be an ex-buffalo hunter, now a humble gatherer of buffalo bones, operating along the Missouri River. He said that he and his brother had several wagons in the business, and last year they shipped by the river steamers about two hundred tons of crushed bones at eighteen dollars per ton.

The time was when a buffalo hunter would have scorned the idea of gathering up dry bones for a living. Indeed, it often happened that his royal highness would not even deign to skin the buffalo that his own rifle brought down. But, thanks to his own reckless improvidence, "Othello's occupation's gone." The buffalo are all dead, and he must choose between punching cows and picking up bones. To this extent the slain buffalo is his own avenger. At various points along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway westward from Jamestown, Dakota, buffalo bones lay piled in great heaps beside the track, waiting for shipment. They are the only monuments that remain to the American bison, which, to quote the great original ob-



JIM MCNANEY.

in the museums, the zoölogical gardens, or the tertiary deposits of the earth itself. Could any war of extermination be more complete or far-reaching in its results!

From the Red Buttes onward you see where the millions have gone. This was once a famous buffalo range, and now the bleaching skeletons lie scattered thickly all along the trail. Like ghastly monuments of slaughter, these ugly excrescences stand out in bold relief on the smooth, hard surface of the prairie, from the huge bull skeletons, lying close beside the wagon trail to those far back in the bad lands, where they are merely dark specks in the distance. They lie to-day precisely as they fell four years ago, except that the flesh is no longer upon them. The head stretches far forward, as if for its last gasp, and the legs lie helplessly upon the turf with precisely the same curves as when they moved for the last time.

Now and then you come to a place where the hunter got a "stand" on a "bunch," and from his hiding place in the head of a gully or amongst the rocks fired leisurely with his 40-120 Sharp's rifle, at the rate of a shot every two or three minutes until every buffalo of the bunch had fallen. Here you can count seventeen skeletons on a little more than an acre, and near by are fourteen more that evidently fell at the same time. The powerful effect of the strong, parching winds and the intense dry heat of summer has literally stripped the flesh from the bones, but the skeletons lie precisely as they fell. The bones are still held together by a few dried-up ligaments, but are bleached as white as snow. Sometimes we found immense skeletons that were absolutely perfect, even to the tiny carpal and tarsal bones, the size of a hazel-nut. Of these dry skele-

tons, we selected eight of the finest and largest, and they are now *cached* in the storage-rooms of the National Museum against the great famine for bison that will soon set in.

Beyond the Red Buttes, we were seldom out of sight of bleaching skeletons, and often forty or fifty were in sight at one time. The skinners always left the heads of the bulls unskinned, and the thick hide has dried down upon the skulls harder than the bone itself, holding the tangled masses of the shaggy frontlet firmly in place until it bleaches brown in the sunshine and is finally worn away by wind and weather. Many of these heads are so perfectly preserved, and with their thick masses of wavy brown hair are so fresh looking, that the slaughter of the millions is brought right down to the present, and seems to have been the work of yesterday.

We can endure the sight of the bones reasonably well, for we expect it; but these great hairy heads make us feel our loss most keenly. At first it is impossible to look at one without a sigh, and each group of skeletons brings back the old thought, "What a pity!"

But there is no time to waste on sentiment. We want buffalo, and like the small boy and the ground-hog, we've "got to get him." Our six-mule team dragged its slow length from the Yellowstone up the Sunday Creek trail to the top of the big divide between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, and down the north side until we reached Little Dry Creek. Twelve miles up the Creek we came to the LU-bar Ranch, and eight miles beyond it we went into permanent camp, on the edge of the supposed buffalo country. We sent our team back to the fort, and my old friend George Headly and I began to hunt buffalo.

In that immense country, so bare and inhospitable, so broken up into bad lands, and so beset by buttes of all sizes and shapes, it seemed like an utterly hopeless undertaking. There were more than a thousand square miles of country to hunt over, and it was merely claimed that there were thirty-five



IRVIN BOYD.



From Photograph of Group in the National Museum.

BUFFALO COW, CALF (FOUR MONTHS OLD), AND YEARLING.

Engraved by R. H. Caran.

head of buffalo in it, somewhere, provided they had not gone elsewhere. We were forced to admit that if we ever found our game it would be as much by chance as by systematic hunting. Some of the natives said we "might ride six months without ever seeing buffalo, let alone killing any!"

I assert once more that I was born lucky instead of rich. If you don't believe it now, in two minutes more you will.

Just two days after we went into permanent camp and began to hunt, something happened that none of us had ever dared think could, by any concatenation of circum-

stances, happen to us at all. *We caught a buffalo bull alive!*

I would like to change the

himself or die if he preferred. We found him in a barren hollow between two high buttes, as lonesome looking a waif as ever was left to the mercies of a cold world.

When he saw us riding toward him, he started to run, but he was weak, and before he had gone a hundred yards we were up with him.* We sprang off and undertook to catch him in our arms, but he pluckily butted first one of us and then another; then he butted the mule Private Moran was riding, and was so generally lively that the cowboy who completed our party, Irvin Boyd, had to throw his rope over him, and haul him in. He struggled and kicked as much as he was able, but the poor little fellow was so thin, and so weak with hard running after his mother, that he was easily tied.

To all of us he was a genuine curiosity. Instead of being dusty-brown, like most buffaloes over a year old, he was a perfect blonde. His thick, wavy coat was of a uniform bright sandy color, and "Sandy" he became from



THE FIRST CAPTURE.

subject just here, and leave your imagination struggling with a mighty (and maney) old bison of the olden time, with lassos whizzing through the perturbed atmosphere, horses bracing back on their haunches, ropes singing like Æolian harps, and chunks of mother earth flying heavenward from the heated hoofs of the terrible bull. But I can't do it. I can not tell a lie, at least not without being found out in it; so the truth must prevail. It was only a poor little bull calf, less than a month old—a young thing that couldn't leave his mother; but she was able to leave him, and although it was by no means a cold day, he got left. His mother and her friends coolly ran away and left him in the bad lands to shift for



ANDREW AND SANDY.

that moment. Although we had not bargained for any live buffalo, the capture of such a prize called for our best efforts in prolonging its life.

* Four months later, some cowboys caught another calf on the Porcupine Creek round-up. The little fellow was about five months old, and, being abundantly able to travel, he showed a clean pair of heels. It took three fresh horses, one after another, to catch him, and the distance covered was thought to be at least fifteen miles; but, as in nearly every instance of the kind, it came to naught. Owing to over-exertion and want of milk, the calf died the day after its capture.

The first difficulty was to get the little fellow to camp without injury. We tried to lead him, but he was so backward about coming forward he would not lead at all. As for driving him, one could as easily have driven a German chancellor. Losing patience at last, George Headly gathered the little bull up in his arms and started to carry him to our camp, across hill and hollow, a mile and a half!

The pluckiness of this maneuver astonished the little buff. As his carrier strode manfully through the sage brush, surprise gave way to passive admiration, and his struggles ceased forever. But the calf had the best of it, and at the end of a hundred yards George threw up his contract, and called for his horse. With the blankets that were tied behind our saddles, he fixed up a very ingenious pad in the seat of his saddle, and laid the calf across it, with a pair of legs dangling on each side. In this way, he and Private Moran carried the calf to camp, while Boyd and I hastened on to look for the other buffaloes that had so lately been in those hills.

The calf reached camp in good condition, and from that time on was perfectly tame. It refused to drink condensed milk, so the

next day we sent it down to the ranch, where Mr. Phillips's milch cow nourished it one moment and tried to kick its brains out the next. It came very near dying, and would have succeeded but for careful treatment. Partly by good luck and partly by good management, we actually got the little beast safely to Miles City, on our return, and took it on to Washington, alive and in excellent health. With an abundant supply of good food, over two gallons of good milk per day, it grew rapidly, and soon became quite fat.

For some weeks we kept it picketed on the lawn in front of the National Museum, housing it every night in our Annex building to keep it from being stolen for veal. Its strength increased with its size, and by the first of July my assistant had to measure his strength with it whenever he housed it at night. As soon as its picket rope was untied from the pin, it would head for the door of the Annex, and start under a full head of steam, with its attendant racing after, rope in hand.

One evening just after a hard rain, Andrew went out as usual to be run in by Sandy. A little later we were startled by a loud cry of, "Here!" in angry expostulation, and we ran to the open window. Down the slope



ROBBED BY PIEGAN INDIANS.



LOOKING FOR BUFFALO.

came the buffalo calf at a mad gallop, head down and tail in air, the mud flying from his heels. After him raced Andrew, hanging helplessly to the rope, his long legs reaching wildly for more ground. As the calf reached the lowest part of the ground, he lunged forward to clear a puddle of water, and down went Andrew, bows foremost, into the mighty deep. He held tightly to the rope, however, and rising to what was expected of him, the calf snaked Andrew along through the mud, and quite up to the door. He left a trail like that of an alligator.

He arose with mud on his garments and blood in his eye. Going up to the now quite and demure-looking calf, he gave the rope a vicious jerk and muttered between his teeth:

"Confound your hide! You son of a gun, if I wasn't so attached to ye, I'd kick the stuffing out o' ye, *right now!*"

Alas! for human expectations. In order that the little buffalo might grow to be a very big one, we sent him to a farm near Washington to fatten on fresh milk and blue grass. He ate voraciously and grew rapidly, but as has been the case with many other distinguished foreigners, life in Washington proved too rich for his blood.

About the middle of July he ate a great quantity of damp clover, and before any one found it out he was dead. Of course we preserved his skin with great care, and mounted it, so that, even though we lost our live buffalo of great size (to be), we have for our group of mounted specimens what we believe to be the only young calf of this species in any museum. At the time of his death his age was three months, his height at the shoulders, two feet nine inches, and his weight, one hundred and twenty-one pounds.

Our field work in May and June of last year was really an Exploration for Buffalo, in fact as well as in name, and as such was a complete success. Besides the catching of the calf, we got two old bulls; but, as we had feared, they had begun to shed their winter pelage, and consequently their skins were unfit to mount. Their bodies and hind-quarters were as bare as a turtle's back, but their heads and shoulders were well haired. After taking their heads and complete skeletons, we resolved to hasten home at once and return in the fall to collect the specimens we desired. Just as we were hauling in the skeletons, a cowboy came galloping

up to our wagon to say that there was a bunch of eight buffalo within a mile and a half of us, and, if we cared, we could easily kill some of them. It was a temptation, though not a strong one, since the skins were worthless; and so we begged all the cowboys of that country to leave the buffalo unkilld until fall, and then we would return.

From what we saw and heard, we felt well assured the buffalo then known to be on the high ground around the head waters of the Big and Little Dry, the two Porcupine Creeks, and Sand Creek would neither be exterminated nor driven out of the country before September. Accordingly the 24th of that month saw me back in Miles City again, this time accompanied only by W. Harvey Brown, a scientific senior of the University of Kansas.

This time we knew precisely the nature of the work before us, though the extent of it was involved in doubt. We hoped to get twenty buffalo, and we hoped to get them within two months, so as to get back on the right side of the Yellowstone before the terrors of a Montana winter should catch us afieid. I had previously engaged Irvin Boyd to go with me as guide, hunter, and "foreman," and at my request he had engaged two other cowboys who knew that country,—Jim McNaney and L. S. Russell—to take a hand in the hunting. I found them all awaiting me at Miles City, and in thirty-six hours after reaching the starting-point we pulled out for the north side. We had from Fort Keogh a six-mule team to haul us up, a Sibley tent and stove, cooking utensils, commissary stores, and last, but not least, a most excellent cook from the Fifth Infantry, a grizzly old veteran named McCanna. We had in our own outfit ten head of horses and a light ranch wagon that could go anywhere.

The worst feature of all was the absolute necessity of hauling grain into the very heart of the buffalo country to feed all those horses. We took two thousand pounds of oats to start with, and later on we were obliged to send for as much more. Of provisions, we took two months' supplies of everything except meat, resolved to live on freshly killed game, or starve in the attempt. The quantity of provisions seemed to me unnecessarily large, as compared with a sol-

dier's rations; but I soon found that all ordinary calculations as to the capacity of the human stomach must be declared "off" in Montana. It seemed to me that of all the destroyers of food I ever saw, Montana cowboys and United States soldiers are absolutely unsurpassed, unless it be by the great Eastern tenderfoot. Out of regard for the feelings of my companions, I will not mention the five hundred pounds of flour, fifty pounds of lard, two hundred cans of corn and tomatoes, the keg of pickles, or two thousand two hundred and forty pounds of wild meat—buffalo, antelope, and deer—we ate in two months. The boys are all rather sensitive on that score, and remarks are not in order.

The fifth day from the Yellowstone found us at Tow's Ranch,—the H V—on the Big Dry, ninety miles from town, at the mouth of Sand Creek, which comes down from the southwest. The narrow, level bottom of the Big Dry has a little cotton-wood timber in it, and at that time its foliage was as yellow as gold. How pretty it did look, and how merrily the leaves danced and rustled in the bright sunshine! In the most tantalizing way they invited us to pitch our tent under their shade and enjoy the blessings of wood and water to our hearts' content. But it could not be. Without wasting a moment, we loaded the six-mule wagon with dry buffalo skeletons and started it back to the fort, stored half of our freight at the ranch, and with as heavy a load as our team could draw, pulled up the Sand Creek trail.

It was our purpose to go to the head of that stream, and beyond it, in case buffaloes were not found earlier. The tract of country which it was necessary for us to hunt over thoroughly in order to find our game, was about forty miles long, east and west, from half-way up Sand Creek westward to the Musselshell, by twenty-five miles broad from the Big Dry southward. It included all sorts of country, save mountains, but not one running stream. West of the head of Sand Creek was a lofty, level plateau, about three miles square, which, by common consent, we called the High Divide. It was the highest ground anywhere between the Big Dry and the Yellowstone, and was the starting-point for streams that ran northward into the Missouri, eastward into Sand Creek and Little Dry, and southward into the Yellowstone. On three sides it was sur-

Local color

rounded by wild and rugged butte country, and its sides were scored by intricate systems of great yawning ravines, steep-sided and very deep, and bad lands of the worst description.

In the course of two weeks' hard hunting our hunt had progressed up Sand Creek as far as this High Divide, and to the first stream west of it, called Calf Creek, where we found a hole of wretchedly bad water, and went into permanent camp, one hundred and thirty-five miles from Miles City, as the trail ran. We had laboriously hunted the country on both sides of Sand Creek, but saw no signs of buffalo until the 13th of October. On that date, while one of our cowboys—L. S. Russell—was escorting our second load of plunder across the High Divide, he came upon a bunch of seven buffalo lying in the head of a deep ravine, but although he fired at them several times and chased them two or three miles, they all got away and ran due south. It was not long before other discoveries confirmed our surmise that the buffalo we were after were in the habit of hiding in the heads of those great ravines whenever they were disturbed on their favorite feeding-grounds farther south.

I will always gratefully remember how Irvin Boyd and I were rewarded in the wild-est and most rugged of those ravines, at the close of a long day's ride through the rough country lying to the north of the High Divide. It was the last day of October, windy, cloudy, and cold. We had "struck buffalo" before that, and in two weeks had actually killed ten; but several days had passed since the death of the tenth, and we were getting anxious again. The hunting was done by the three cowboys and myself. Jim McNaney, a splendid shot and a genuine buffalo hunter, with a record of about three thousand three hundred head, slain for their hides in three years, had killed five of the ten head, while L. S. Russell was credited with three. Boyd and I were behind in the race, and aside from our desire to get buffalo by all possible means, each man was ambitious to keep up his individual score. Boyd and I held many a little confab *sub-sagebrush*, and swore by the great horn spoon that those other fellows should not get any farther ahead of us. We would find buffalo or kill our horses in

the attempt. Of course Jim and "Russ" rode early and late to keep their lead, as well as to contribute to the general success.

Well, on that last day of October, Boyd and I set out early and rode northeast from our barren and uncomfortable camp on Calf Creek into butte country that had not been visited for some days. A mile and a half from camp we came upon a herd of antelope, and I managed to kill a splendid buck, which we wanted for its skin. After dressing the carcass, we spread it out upon the grass, back uppermost, to await our return, and went on. Two miles farther, we came upon another and larger herd of antelope, but I will kindly draw the veil of silence over the events that culminated in our scaring the herd quite out of Dawson County. We rode until noon, halted for half an hour to rest our horses on the sheltered side of a butte about twelve miles from camp, tightened our belts in lieu of luncheon, and then began to ride the side of our circle which would take us back to the tent.

We had planned to wind up our hunt for that day with a ride along the edge of the High Divide, and an examination of the long succession of ravines that such a course would bring to view. By the time our tired and panting horses had climbed to the level of the lofty plateau, and we had carefully scanned with the glass the great stretch of hilly country that lay spread out before us like a relief map, the approach of a dull and sunless twilight warned us that we must hasten on or get benighted. At our feet the steep slope of the divide was cut and furrowed into a succession of great yawning ravines that seemed interminable. The ridges that lay between them were sharp and high, and at the bottom the crooks and turns were so many that a score of buffaloes might hide in them and easily escape our most vigilant watch.

It was so near night that we had given up all hope of finding anything that day; but as a matter of principle we stuck to the hunt. Presently, as we approached a group of three high buttes that formed the landmark we were making for, we came upon the trail our wagon had made when it crossed over, and also something else much more interesting. It was the tracks of two buffaloes! We were on the alert directly. The tracks

led in the direction we were going, and presently we saw the prints of iron-shod hoofs close beside them.

"Look at that!" said Boyd. "Blamed if them other fellers an't a-tracking up these yere very buffalo!"

"It looks like it, sure enough. But we haven't heard a shot, so they haven't found them yet."

It is needless to say we were somewhat excited. We followed the trail whenever we could see it, but on that hard turf it was only once in a great while that a hoof print was visible. We watched the heads of the ravines down on our right, and hastened on to cover as much ground as possible before it should grow dark. As we rode up a grassy slope which led up to the base of the "Three-peaked Butte," we came suddenly to a point from which we could see a long distance down a fearfully deep and rugged ravine. We looked down it, and on the steep side, three hundred yards away, saw plainly *two buffaloes*!

"Git down! git down!" exclaimed Boyd, in a stage whisper, as he fell on his horse's neck. I got down, and we instantly wheeled, our horses off to the left and rode back again out of sight of the black-looking animals. Once out of their sight, we spurred into a swift gallop and swept down the slope, around a little butte, off to the left, and then along a ridge that ran down parallel to the ravine which sheltered our game.

"We're far enough now!" whispered Boyd at last, as he halted, swung himself quickly out of his saddle, and dropped the reins of his bridle upon the ground. This is the Montana method of tying a horse. If the reins are dropped, the horse can not walk or run without getting a foot caught, and thus he stops himself. We left our horses standing, and hurried across to the edge of the ravine which held our fate. The wind was in our favor, and we hoped to find the game still there.

With guns in readiness, we stole softly forward to a rocky point that afforded us a view. If the buffaloes caught sight of so much as a hat brim, they would be off like an express train. Cautiously we looked up and down, and there they were, above us, standing quietly. We backed out, made a little *détour* under cover of the ridge, and came out higher up, almost opposite our

game. Only the two were to be seen, a cow and a yearling calf; but there might be a big bull at the bottom of the ravine, out of sight.

The cow was to the left of the calf, and since I was to the left of Boyd, she was mine. The pair was about two hundred yards away, and the light was very bad. We lost not a second in getting our rifles in shape to fire.

"Are you ready, Boyd?" said I.

"Yes, all ready," he replied.

"Then here goes," said I, and we both fired.

"Mine's down!" I cried triumphantly, as the old cow fell over broadside the instant the rifles cracked, and lay there kicking. The backbone had been struck.

"Mine an't down yet, blast it!" said Boyd.

As he fired, the calf rushed forward down the bank, and was out of sight directly. In an instant I was reloaded, and a few seconds later a buffalo ran up the bank to where the cow lay kicking, as if to take a look at her.

"By Jove, there's another one!" I said, and as Boyd was not ready I drew a bead on the new-comer, banged away, determined to kill all that came in sight. Standing by himself, he looked so large I thought it must be a third buffalo, but my eyes deceived me. It was only the calf. He fell in his tracks and never rose again. There were no others anywhere about, and having killed all we saw, our record was perfect.

The cow was shot squarely through the backbone, and my wish to bring down a buffalo with a single shot had been granted. It was the first specimen that had so fallen. Boyd's shot hit the calf, of course; but the wound being not immediately fatal, it required further treatment.

I doubt if any buffalo ever fell in a wilder spot. The rugged and scarred bare walls of the ravine sloped steeply upward like the sides of a letter V for a hundred feet on one side and two hundred on the other, to the top of the "Three-peaked Butte," while below the ragged chasm extended in similar form as far as we could see. In getting those skins out the following day, we had to carry them up to the top of the ridge and along the rugged crest for nearly a quarter of a mile in order to reach the wagon.

This sudden turn of luck was delightful,

and we rejoiced greatly over our opportunity to make the other boys feel bad. But our success lacked something in flavor. One of our buffaloes was a calf, and the cow had a flesh wound in one of her hind legs, which showed that some other fellow had "drawn first blood." That was a sad blow, and for a time we felt a little dispirited. But we decided to "josh" Jim and Russell a little, at all events, and not tell any more than we were obliged to.

We disemboweled our buffaloes and started for camp, four miles away, just as it began to grow dark. A raw, cold wind swept through the bad lands full in our faces, and we were glad to catch the first glimmer of the beacon light that Brown and McCanna always hung out whenever any of us failed to get in before dark.

The other boys were in, but with no blood on their whiskers, while we were covered with gore and glory. While we were unsaddling in front of the tent, and the cook was getting our food up from the fire where he had faithfully kept it hot for us, we quietly told him and Brown just what our luck was. But we had great fun "joshing" Jim and Russell. We found them smoking their after-dinner pipes and playing draw-poker.

"Well, what luck?" they demanded.

"Two buffs this time," we answered carelessly. A pause, while we helped ourselves to baked beans.

"What were they like?" said Jim, meekly.

"A bull and a cow," I answered with nary a smile.

"Did the bull have a nice head?"

"Yes, he had a beautiful head;" which was true enough.

Our two rivals looked very sober. Boyd looked at me and smiled in spite of himself; and although I managed to preserve a serious air, the others became suspicious. If they asked me whether the cow was wounded when we found her, what could I say without lying out and out!

I believe Jim must have divined my thoughts, for he demanded directly:

"Had either one of 'em been shot before?"

"No," I answered readily, "neither of 'em had ever been shot *before*."

The cow had been shot *behind*, and we were saved!

But Boyd and Brown laughed right out.

Jim and Russell were on the *qui vive* at once.

"Now, fellers," said Jim, briskly, "I know there's something queer about them buffalo. Blamed if I believe you killed any at all!"

"Yes, we did, Jim, honest injun, just as I tell you. We'll show you their skins tomorrow to prove it."

"Well, what's them fellers a-laffin at, then?"

"Why," chimed in Boyd, "I'm a-laffin at the way we came right along in you fellers' tracks, and saw buffalo that you didn't see at all!"

This was a terrible blow to our rivals, and although they tried to prove an alibi, Boyd held to the point, and demonstrated that we had followed them by only half an hour, to the very point where our game was discovered.

Although we did not crow over our rivals, for the unwritten etiquette of the hunt sternly forbade anything like that under any circumstances, we maliciously allowed them to feel badly over our success. We even went so far as to make them believe that we had discovered those animals and chased them some distance before stalking them in the ravine. I had to own up that the bull was only a bull calf, but we never told them about that wound in the cow's hind leg, never. They do not know of it even to this day, and I really wonder what Jim McNaney will say when he finds it out.

In days gone by, hunting buffalo was tame work, owing to the great abundance of the animals and their stupidity. There was no more glory in killing an old bull than in wringing a rooster's neck, for familiarity had bred contempt. But with the approach of extermination, and "the struggle of the species to harmonize with its environment" (by the kind permission of the evolutionist) conditions have changed, and now the chase of the buffalo is sport of the very top-loftiest kind. If you don't believe it, get on a cayuse, ride up and down for a week or two through the bad lands until you find one, then see if you are smart enough to kill him. Until you have learned by sad experience what to expect, I will back the buffalo to get away from you three times out of five.

Those that still survive have been chased and shot at so often that they are ready to run

on the very shortest notice. Constantly on the alert, they almost always see the hunter before he sees them, and then away they go. Sometimes the first sight of your game is across a mile of bad country, and the fact that it is headed straight from you, and running at full speed, is proof positive that it is running away from you in particular. If you have with you an old hunter like Jim McNaney, he will teach you that it is folly to ride straight after, for the horse is yet unborn that can carry a rider across Montana bad lands up to a buffalo that has a good, long start. Under half a mile it is sometimes possible; but Jim's plan, which never failed him at least, was to apparently abandon the chase, make a wide circuit, ride mercilessly, and, in the course of three or four miles, cut in ahead of the buffalo, and lie in wait for him behind the crest of some ridge. It takes hard riding, but it can be done without killing a horse. Once L. S. Russell, on his pet horse, Selim, an ungainly old beast with a gait like an elephant, but staying powers like a steam-engine, actually overhauled, in a fair stern chase; an old solitary bull who had a start of half a mile, and killed him.

We had great sport on that hunt, because we couldn't help it. In our eagerness to succeed in our task, the sad fact that we were hunting the last representatives of a mighty race was for the time being lost sight of. The difficulties we encountered in finding and killing our specimens wrought up our interest in the hunt to the highest pitch; and if ever trophies were earned, those were, twice over. It has often been my luck to be compelled to hunt animals that were hard to find, and hard to kill when found; but none of them ever cost so much hard work per head as did those same buffalo.

But for the fact that we had marvelously good fortune, it would have taken us till mid-winter to make our success complete, and we would have almost perished in the terrible weather that followed. As before stated, we saw the first buffaloes on the 13th of October. On the day following all four of us took the trail of the band that Russell started, followed it due south about twenty miles, and finally sighted it with the field-glass just at noon. The original bunch of seven had been joined by an equal number, and they all lay on the level top of a little

butte in the bad lands, sunning themselves and resting. We sneaked up to within two hundred yards of them, fired a volley at them as they lay,—and did not even kill a calf! Instantly they sprang up and sped off at astonishing speed, heading straight for the sheltering ravines around the sides of the High Divide. We had a most exciting, and likewise dangerous chase after the herd, across a vast prairie-dog town, honey-combed with holes just right for a running horse to thrust a leg in up to the knee and snap it off like a pipe-stem,—and across fearfully wide gullies that either had to be leaped or fallen into. Jim McNaney killed a fine old bull and a beautiful two-year-old "spike bull" out of this bunch, while I managed to bring down a cow, and, in partnership with Jim, another fine old bull, making four that day, all told.

Two days later when we were on the spot with the wagon to skin our prizes and haul in the hides, four more buffaloes were discovered within two miles of us, and while I wrestled with the skin of my big bull to keep it from spoiling, the cowboys went after the live buffalo and killed them all. They consisted of two fine bulls, an old cow, and a yearling. The finest bull fell about eight miles from our camp, and when we got to it with the wagon at noon the next day, to prepare both skin and skeleton and haul them in, we found that during the night a gang of coyotes in human form (Piegan Indians) had robbed us of our hard-earned spoil. They had stolen the skin and all the eatable meat, broken up the bones to get at the marrow, and cut out the tongue. And to injury the sneaking thieves had added insult. Through laziness, they left the head unskinned, but on one side of it they smeared the hair with red war-paint, the other side they daubed with yellow, and around the base of one glossy black horn they tied a strip of red flannel as a signal of defiance. Of course they had left for parts unknown, and we never saw any of them afterward. Had we but caught them in that act, taken them red-handed, literally, as sure as the world there would have been a shooting match between whites and reds.

The ninth buffalo was the one Russell overhauled in the stern chase already mentioned, and the tenth was discovered by Boyd and Jim McNaney, feeding in a ra-

vine, and killed at long range by the latter. Then came the two that Boyd and I fell foul of on the last day of October, which made two more than half our required number

during our first month in the field. But it happened that the most exciting episodes and the grand prizes were reserved for the last half of the hunt.

THE LAST NIGHT.

BY DANESKE DANDRIDGE.

AH, how she trembles when the night is long ;
And, sitting idle in her old arm-chair,
She hears the rude wind shout his drunken song,
And thoughts that sleep in light and only dare
To walk, like ghosts, on wildest nights forlorn,
Hold ghostly counsel till the night is gone.

Thus, like the clangor of alarum bells,
When on a sleeping town the foeman springs,
A ringing in her pulses sobs and swells
And times the tune the Bacchant Tempest sings :
Thus beats the hurried tocsin in her brain,
And all her soul is sacked by Fear again.

" Wild night ! Wild fear ! Strong love, and stronger sin !
Ah, recompense too just for me to bear !
The casement shudders back : It flutters in :
The trembling shadow of my guilt is there :
In from the sleet, the night, the uproar wild ;
My shame and my despair ; my child, my child !

" O, little form that I may never fold !
Beyond my empty arms my baby stands ;
It sobs, it cries, it shivers with the cold ;
Its eyes are *his* ; it wrings its tiny hands.
Ah, God, my baby, that may never rest
In dewy slumber on my guilty breast !

" It was not I, thou little ghost ; not I :
I slept as one who would not wake again :
They stole thee in my sleep : I could not die,
But woke to loss and emptiness and pain.
O, shameful crime to save an honored name,
That none might point a finger at my shame !

" Here in my bosom burns a fiery tide
No velvet baby-lips will suck away.
O cruel hurt of love ! O hellish pride !
O murdered baby, take your eyes away.
Thou weary child no mother love can warm,
Flit out into the night, the sleet, the storm.

" The wind is wilder. Ah, Christ, let me die !
O Tempest, blow away my struggling breath !
In some hid cavern with my child to lie—
O sudden hope that gives me strength for death !"
She leaves the chair ; she wanders far from home :
" I come, my little lonely one, I come !
I reach the river : O, 'tis cold, but thou
Art colder still, and I am with thee now."

A LEAR OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JAMES T. MCKAY.

OLD Deacon Garven Gregg was known through all the country round. He carried his sixty years as sturdily as any other man his thirty. He was large every way, tall and broad of frame, strong in arm and voice. Acquainted with but few books, he had all the shrewdness and mother-wit wrought out of the struggle of generations to wring a livelihood from a rocky New England soil. He was universally looked to as a leader by natural right, in all the local affairs of church and state. Whatever he did was done with force, and without a doubt or question of its being the right thing to do. And no man doubted or questioned that what he did and what he said were right as far as he knew.

By the time he was sixty, Deacon Garven's family had drifted and dwindled away until but one was left—his youngest daughter Martha. His wife had been long dead, his sons had gone west, and his other daughters were scattered, with homes and cares of their own. About this time a man named Davidge came into the neighborhood, became foreman in one of the deacon's mills, and in the course of a year or two married Martha Gregg.

Davidge was neither young nor old—one of those men that look thirty when they are twenty, and look scarcely older when they are fifty. He was a dark-faced, taciturn man, who gained credit for astuteness by the mere fact of holding his tongue. And, to tell the truth, he had a real faculty for making his way, and a confidence based on the knowledge of this that in its turn was no small factor of his success.

The old deacon was fond of this daughter, and began to be mindful of the rapid coming on of the scriptural limit of life. He had been a very active man, and had slowly acquired a considerable property, which consisted entirely of lands in the Rockbridge Valley, with the mills and water-power at its head. And he now closed his business career by as striking an act, and one fraught with as serious consequences as any or all of his active life. He made over legally and for-

mally to his daughter Martha and her husband all the right, title, and possession of his property, which in time passed completely into the hands of Davidge.

Whether he took this step altogether of his own motion, or was led to it partly or wholly by Davidge's influence, was never clearly known. It was gathered from the old man's conversation that he tired of the care of the farm and mills, now that he had no one left dependent on him; that he knew Davidge to be capable of managing the property, and thought he would devote himself to it with greater ardor if the full responsibility of ownership was placed in his hands. All that the old deacon wanted himself was a home for his remaining years, and the supply of his few and simple needs, with the affection and gratitude which his generosity would naturally inspire, and of which it never occurred to him to entertain a doubt.

One thing that probably softened him and inclined him to the act was a fondness that quickly grew up between himself and a little girl who came to live with Davidge, and who, he said, was his sister. The child's real name was Narcissa; but few knew it, for she was never called anything but Daisy. She was a pretty, attractive child, with a fair skin and bright, wavy hair; and she found her way quickly to the old man's heart.

Deacon Garven looked forward to no life of idleness, but only to some well-earned rest from the constant oversight of his works, and a greater opportunity for activity in religious and charitable institutions, of which he had long been a stirring promoter. He had a gift in public prayer and exhortation; and his great voice filled the meeting-house or the chapel of the reformatory alike with an awe such as Paul inspired when he "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." One might say of him with even greater force than it was said of old Daniel Gray:

"I can remember how the sentence sounded,
'Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!'
And how the 'conquering and to conquer' rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint."

Along with these peregrinations to meetings in outlying districts, to "Consociation," or what not, old Garven of course expected to keep up a general supervision of the operations upon the property that he might be said in good measure to have created. Down Rockbridge Valley had always flowed a purling stream, little more than a brook, but perennial, which at the valley's head, came brawling and foaming down a steep and narrow rocky pass from the wild higher hills beyond. And it had occurred to the shrewd deacon years ago that if the water were dammed up in this defile, it would become a power of great value; and this was rendered comparatively easy by the narrow limits of the gorge through which it found its way to the valley. Acting upon this idea, he had built a strong dam of moderate height on the brink of a fall near the head of the pass, and gained power enough to drive two or three mills, which he built at intervals in succeeding years.

Davidge proved fully as good a manager as any one could have required, and the mills and well-cultivated fields made such returns as would have been abundance for the few frugal people dependent upon them. Old Garven had some ready money in hand and a strong old horse with which he made his way for a while without seeming to think much about the future and its ways and means. Davidge never crossed him directly, and it was some time before it dawned on the old deacon that his son-in-law listened to his directions and recommendations without remark or denial and then went his own way, regardless of what any one said or thought.

This perception caused the old man some surprised cogitations, not sweet it may be supposed; but he tried to persuade himself that it was perhaps better that one head should direct the affairs for which one must necessarily be responsible. So he devoted himself more completely to other concerns, and took more rest than would have been tolerable to one of his active habit, but for the large share in it that the little girl came to take. No one paid very much attention to the child but himself, in fact, and they soon became constant companions, riding all over the county together, or walking about the roads and foot-paths nearer home.

By and by the deacon's money ran out, and

he mentioned the fact to Davidge, who said nothing and apparently forgot the old man's implied request. Thinking of it in the morning just before starting out, the deacon stopped at the office of the lower mill and not finding Davidge there, asked the book-keeper for a moderate sum, telling him to call his son-in-law's attention to the item when he came in. He noticed that the man hesitated, but as he gave him the money he went his way and thought no more about it. But when his funds ran low again and he went for more, he was met by the reply that Mr. Davidge had directed that no money should be paid to any one except upon his order.

It was a dark day and a stormy night that followed for old Garven Gregg. He kept away by himself, and no one saw the wrestling of his strong spirit with this cross that took him full in the face as nothing had ever done before. Even when he thought he had humbled himself and could meet calmly the man who had denied him his own, and that by the hand of an underling, his great frame shook and his voice grew husky as he looked in the dark, unmoved face, and tried to speak to him in soberness and moderation. And his righteous wrath broke forth when the man simply met him with stolid inattention and turned from him without a word before he had heard him through.

This was the beginning, and the rest of the bitter harvest the old man had fondly sown followed, and followed fast. The strong old horse grew to be a weak old horse, and no other took its place. There came a time when the old deacon, still strong of voice and will, stopped going to any meetings beyond the village church, simply because he had no means of going. What this hinderance meant to the fiery-spirited old man, how it wore and harried him, people only now and then guessed by some startling, half-unconscious intimation.

Martha Gregg had always been rather weak, and now she became simply an instrument in Davidge's hands, a separate part of himself, by which he wrought his will hardly less silently and darkly than in person. He remarked one day that his mother was coming to visit him, and told his wife to make the west room ready for her. She looked at him a minute, and then said:

"That is my father's room. He has always had the west room."

"I suppose he can be moved," he replied, and went away.

The deacon came back from an absence, went up to his room, and found all his things removed. He came out and met Martha on the stairs, stood still and looked at her. She was frightened and confused by his manner, and made up a contradictory story about Davidge's mother being delicate and needing a sunny room, said she was only to stay a few days, and then everything would be put back as before. The old man made her no reproach or answer of any kind, but continued to look at her steadily, then turned and shut himself in, and did not come out again till the next day. Old Mrs. Davidge came in due time, as hard faced and strong as a man, and her visit stretched on without end.

Everything seemed to prosper that Davidge put his hand to. He devised extensions and improvements in the mills, tried tobacco and other new crops on the lands, and they all succeeded. When he had made the most of these resources, he directly began to seek for more. He asked no man's advice or co-operation, but one morning men and materials started over the hills; and the word went from mouth to mouth that Davidge was going to raise the dam twice as high.

A foot-path that led up the gorge was a favorite haunt of old Garven and his little friend Daisy. The wild flowers peculiar to the shadowy ravine, the babbling waters, the overhanging rocks festooned with greenery, had a great charm for the child; and doubtless some vague perception or sympathy with the little one's pleasure worked its way into the old man's fond heart, unused though it was to much consideration of natural beauty. But over and above all this old Garven liked to come and potter about the dam. It was his work. He liked to see how strong it was, how steady it stood. He liked to examine it, stone by stone, in all accessible parts; to see the water wash over it, dash it with foam and spray, send up a roar at it from the depths below, and never stir nor shake it. The girl grew very agile in climbing about the rocks with him, and would laugh down at him from places he could not reach.

Coming up the ravine thus one day, the old man rounded the bend suddenly a little way below the dam, and found there was something new to see. He climbed up to where the work was going on, watched its progress awhile, then asked the overseer what height they intended to build it. Seeing Davidge approach by and by, he went up to him a little apart, looked earnestly into his face, and spoke with suppressed vehemence:

"Don't you know you can't build up a dam to any height? It was only calculated to stand the pressure up to that level; you can't build it higher without strengthening the foundations. If you pile it up like that, you'll bring the whole thing down about your ears."

Davidge passed right by him, and gave some directions as if nothing had been said. He had satisfied himself, and he cared nothing for any one else. He had the practical man's contempt for theories; like the statesman who knew the political economists were wrong by looking out of the car windows on his way to Washington, Davidge had been up and down, and across the dam on all sides; and he knew that that solid masonry could no more be moved by water than the sheer rock-face of the hills, whatever the book-worms might say. If he built his part as well, it would stand till the Judgment-Day; the weight of the superstructure would only serve to bind and anchor the under-wall. And it did stand till the judgment-day.

There was much shaking of heads and evil foreboding all through the neighborhood; but as Davidge owned the whole of Rockbridge Valley, and the stream had the broad river beyond to receive it, there was no great danger to any one but Davidge and his people. Nobody cared much for conversation with him, and so they let him go his own way. The dam was built and the waters rose high behind it. Some one watched Davidge cross the finished dam when he thought himself alone, and saw what few others thereabout had ever witnessed, a broad smile on the forbidding face as he looked across the piled-up waters and saw them break at his feet upon his steadfast handiwork. He put up another mill larger than the deacon's three, and the newly gained power drove the wheels and belts

till the building quivered and hummed; and every revolution added its golden grain to Davidge's increasing store.

Meanwhile the years rolled by, and old Garven lived on as he might. He would not leave Rockbridge, though one or two of his sons urged him to come away and make his home with them. They were struggling men with families of their own; and this was his place, he said. Rather than live by their charity, or leave the place where he had the best of all rights, and where his remaining was a silent protest, he would wear the shabbiest clothing and put up with the barest subsistence and the bleakest corner of the house to hide his head in.

Undoubtedly, also, his double concern for the hapless girl, who so strangely shared his lot, had its part in helping him to stay and endure. It was not merely that he grew very fond of her, as the only friendly thing in his habitual life, but he felt bound to do what he could toward teaching and training the young creature for whom no one else seemed to have any regard. Martha was naturally absorbed in her own ill-favored brood, and doubtless found Daisy's blue eyes and fair face a contrast that suggested unwelcome comparisons, and did not warm her heart toward the lonely waif. Davidge paid no attention to any of the children, except when they annoyed him; and if Daisy were his sister, as he once said, there was a striking lack of evidence of old Mrs. Davidge being her mother. She was the only one, in fact, who actually abused the girl; the others simply ignored her and allowed her to grow up in utter neglect.

The years passed by in spite of all, and the Davidges perceived by and by that Daisy was no longer a child, and set her to work in the house. After that, old Garven was much more alone. He naturally shunned contact with people, and he wandered about most of the time by himself. He retained much of his bodily vigor in this out-of-door life; but his mind, deprived of all external occupation and turned constantly in upon itself, necessarily suffered and lost its even balance. He had scarcely anything to think of but the calamity that had come upon him like Job's, seemingly with as little just cause. Continual brooding upon this one ever-present theme was sure to unhinge the

soundest and steadiest mind, if it lasted long enough. It lasted old Garven Gregg for nearly fifteen years, and it was no wonder that he grew more and more moody, and toward the end began to have delusions and occasional outbreaks of unreasoning violence.

Davidge at one time actually made some advances toward having the old man committed to a State asylum. But he then learned, rather to his surprise, that he had been heaping up a public opinion that it was not wholesome for him to run against. Popular indignation had lain dormant and almost unperceived, but he got the feeling, from the very brief replies of one or two physicians and an old justice whom he approached on the subject, that it only needed a spark to set it in a flame. This was probably the first time that the fact was brought home to him that there are some things that neither money nor cleverness can do, and some things they can not ward off.

Well, spring followed spring, and the high dam stood fast, and the water from it drove the mills, and the mills ground out gold for Davidge, as if Satan were in league with him. Many believed that he was, and perhaps they were right.

Then one year it rained and rained. All the streams rose till they were higher than ever before. People began to be anxious all along the river banks. Talk rose loud about Davidge's dam, and he began to see black looks in the faces he met. The waters ran higher and faster above the dam than ever before. But the sun came out and the dam stood fast. Davidge was up there watching it many times, and he could not find a flaw or a sign of yielding. But there was one who knew the dam better than Davidge. And he was prowling about it almost day and night.

Old Garven had been excited and rather wild for some time, talking constantly to himself and breaking out into disjointed quotations of Old Testament maledictions and prophecies of retribution. He knew the dam almost inch by inch, and stayed by it more and more.

Then it began to rain again. It rained two days and two nights. The second night old Garven did not come home. Every one in the valley was on the alert, and there was little sleep that night. At day-break the

word passed down the valley that the dam had started. The stream was already swollen and threatening, and the operatives had removed their families and valuables to the hills. Davidge's house stood close to the stream, but he left everything just as it was.

As the lowering morning lighted up the shadowy pass at the head of the valley, hundreds of people were clinging about the rocks above and in front of the dam. It had partly given way near the northern end, but had lodged against the natural buttress of a projecting rock, and on a ledge of this rock close below the break, and commanding the only approach to it, stood old Garven Gregg, wild and disheveled, with a crow-bar in his hands.

The flying water sprayed and showered him from the crevices in the dam and the torrent pouring over it beside him. The tumult of the cascade made a mere babel of the people's voices when they called to one another. Some of the men tried to get up to the break, but old Garven waved them back with his iron bar. He seemed to have grown twice as large, and a superhuman strength possessed him. The look on his face was more awful than the impending flood or the low clouds that frowned above it; and his voice had more terror in it as it thundered among the crags and seemed to hush the roar of the fall to a fear-stricken undertone. He looked round upon the eager throng of men in their prime and men with gray heads who knew him and whom he had known since they were boys or babes. And once more, after years of silence, his well-remembered tones broke forth, this time in a meeting-house of God's own building, and resounded among the rocks with a more vehement warning and denunciation of divine wrath:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay. Behold, the coming of the judgment of the Lord! The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger forever. The Lord humbled me and laid me in the dust; I was afflicted and sore troubled. I rebelled against Him: I said in my heart, I have not done evil; I have not deserved this. All the days of my life have I served Thee, O God; try me and see if there is any evil in me. So my trial was long; long and sore I was troubled and

cast down. But I humbled myself; out of the dust I cried to the Lord, to the God of my fathers, and He heard me and lifted me up. In the wilderness, out of the shadow of the rocks and the noise of the waters the Lord spake unto me and comforted me with the promise of His sure deliverance. In dreams, in visions of the night, He visited me and laid His message upon me.

"As He showed to His servants of old, so He showed unto me. His servant, wonderful things to come, wrath and destruction upon the oppressor and to him that said in his heart, There is no God; I will heap up riches to myself; I will not regard the poor, neither him that did good unto me, that took me in, clothed me, and made me his son, and filled me with all his goods.

"The earth is the Lord's and they that dwell therein. He hath founded it in the seas and established it upon the floods. The sea is His, and He made it, the rivers of waters that spring among the hills that flow down by the valleys. He holdeth them in the hollow of His hand, and maketh them His humble ministers, to bring mercy and peace upon His servants and them that walk uprightly; and upon him that heapeth up iniquity and repenteth not, desolation and wrath in full measure. As it was in the old time when the waters parted at His word, stood up as a heap, and let His people pass, then at His word rolled together and swallowed up His enemies and the enemies of His people: so shall it be again. The Lord reigneth: clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne."

The clouds had seemed to lower and darken while he spoke, and rain-drops began to fall upon the upturned faces as his words died away. The water sprayed and spurted more fiercely through the widening crevices of the dam. And now the attention of the people was caught and absorbed by a new and startling incident. Full in front of the dam and a little way below, hung the great rock which gave the name to the valley, and which seemed to have rolled from one of the heights and wedged itself between the opposite walls of the narrow gorge. Across the top of this rock a rifle-barrel now gleamed, aimed at the ledge where old Garven stood, and behind it crouched Davidge, with a desperate face. And he shouted, furiously:

"Come down out of there; if you don't come down in two minutes, I'll fire!"

Old Garven looked up and saw him; and for his only answer he thrust the crow-bar under a bulging block that seemed to need but a touch to bring it down and yet was the key of the dam that would bring all behind it when it came away. And he showed by a significant motion of his body that if he fell his weight would be thrown upon the projecting bar, and take the block down with him in his fall.

It was plain to every one looking on that when the ruin came its first victim must be old Garven Gregg. And while they waited and watched to see what turn of a hand would bring it crashing down upon him, a common cry arose and a thrill went through them all as they turned their eyes to the jagged rock-wall and saw Daisy Davidge slowly making her way along its face by a track known only to herself. They looked to see her fall, but she knew her way. And she alone, of all the hearts assembled there, had no fear of the old man's wild looks, and menacing gestures, or of his iron bar.

Old Garven's eyes were fixed on Davidge, and he saw nothing else for a time. He raised his arm and pointed to the impending flood, and made as if again about to denounce the judgment of Heaven upon his enemy. But in that instant he caught sight of the girl steadily approaching. He had shown no sign of fear before, though the crevices visibly widened and the waters spouted over him more and more fiercely. But now he glanced about wildly, looked up at the straining wall ready to burst above him, and called and motioned to her frantically not to come nearer. But she moved right on and in another minute she would be on the ledge beside him in the vain hope to save him, only to share the fate that momentarily threatened. The old man shouted once more, then turned about in despair as if seeking for anything with which to keep her back. He saw the crow-bar and caught hold of it, but it had become wedged in and resisted his effort to bring it away. He tugged at it fiercely, wrung and twisted it regardless of consequences, and wrenched it loose with a mighty lurch. But the loosened block came with it, and a great burst of water came behind the block.

The girl crouched down where she was

and pressed her face against the cliff. The people who looked on saw the dam bend and wrap together like a ribbon and come down with a terrible crash. The waters behind it seemed to rear for an instant, then plunged forward and went down the gorge in a thundering billow that shook the hills. The flood washed over the ledge where old Garven had stood, and old Garven was gone.

Only the young girl still crouched upon the cliff beside it, with her face against the rock; and a hundred men sprang forward to rescue her.

Davidge had leaped to his horse and rode recklessly down the break-neck hills toward the valley. He met Martha and the children taking flight, paid no heed, but rode straight on toward the house. The water was already flowing round it, but he drove his horse in, whipping him through it, sprang upon the porch, already knee-deep, and went in. When he appeared again, it was at a second-story window; and he held an iron box in his hands. The water was nearly up to his level and rising steadily. As he stood there and looked out, it flowed over the window-sill and drove him back.

Then he appeared on the roof, with the iron box still in his hands. There were no means of reaching him, and no one tried. While they looked, a shadow passed over the house. The great mill he had built came bowling down with the current, struck the house, and carried it away. Davidge, still holding the iron box, went suddenly out of sight. That iron box has never since been seen, though men still dig for it in the banks and sand-bars formed that day.

Thursday morning of that week was still, bright, and peaceful; and all the people came in to the village to attend the funeral. Much damage had been done, but only two lives were lost. The two coffins lay side by side in the church; they were of the same material and value. And yet old Garven had his triumph that day. Death had set a kingly dignity and calm on his strong old face; and the craven soul of the other had left only the shrunken semblance of the meanness that had eaten it up. Hardly any one spoke a word of Davidge; all that there was to say was said by his face and his fate, and they paid him the simple charity of silence.

The gray-haired minister, an old friend of Garven's, went up into the pulpit and read solemn words to the effect that a man's life consisteth not in the multitude of things that he possesseth, and that it profiteth him nothing though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Then, with trembling hands and a quavering in his voice, the preacher gave out as his text, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

He reminded his hearers that life is a brief pilgrimage at the longest, with death always in sight; that however in the struggle for existence we may forget it, we mostly strive for the mere means of living which perish with the using; that they who win great worldly success are very apt to leave their souls by the way; that the body is more than raiment and the life more than meat, and to save one's soul from the dwarfing and contamination of the world, from selfish greed, from the lusts of the flesh, and the

pride of life, to keep alive in one's heart as much as may be of early love and truth and faith, is the only great gain, the only gain that remains when the body and its belongings are laid down in the narrow house.

Only the lands in Rockbridge Valley remained of all old Garven's estate, and to these lands it turned out that Daisy was the lawful heir. Davidge had taken her in as the price of silence upon his marriage to her mother dead now these ten years back. But Daisy said that all she wanted was a home and an equal share of the cares and kindness of her father's children and their mother. And these one may be sure she received as long as they continued to gain their frugal livelihood from the fruits of the fields which she owned, but of whose possession she had the grace to make neither mention nor sign.

She still keeps green and sweet twograves upon the sunny burial hill, one with a scrupulous and filial care and one with the tenderness of grateful affection and ever-springing regret.

ILLOGICAL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SHE stood beside me while I gave an order for a bonnet;
She shuddered when I said, "And put a bright bird's wing upon it."

A member of the Audubon society was she,
And cutting were her comments made on worldly folks like me.

She spoke about the helpless birds we wickedly were harming,
She quoted the statistics, and they really *were* alarming.

She said God meant his little birds to sing in trees and skies,
And there was pathos in her voice, and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, surely in this beauteous world, you can find lovely things
Enough to trim your hats," she said, "without the dear birds' wings."

I sat beside her that same day in her own home at dinner.
(Angelic being that she was, to entertain a sinner!)

Her well-appointed table groaned beneath the ample spread,
Course followed appetizing course, and hunger almost fled.

But still my charming hostess cried, "*Do have a reed-bird, dear;
For they are so delicate and sweet at this time of the year!*"

THE DROWNED MAN.*

BY ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

HOME the children hasten, crying
To their father at the door :
" *Tiatia* ! † here's a dead man, lying
In our nets upon the shore."

"Dead man ? Nonsense !" father answers.
" Why will children babble so ?
Get you gone, you young romancers—
No more tales, I warn you. Go !

"If such secrets I discover,
Then the court will question me—
Such a trial's never over ;
Yet,—my coat, wife. I must see.

"Where, then, is the corpse?" "Here,
father."
Where the dripping nets are spread,
In a silent group they gather,
Gazing on the unknown dead.

'Tis a sight to make them tremble,
That cold face of ghastly hue ;
Naught of life does it resemble,
With its parted lips of blue.

Was it one whom sin had saddened ?
Some lost fisher of the main ?
One whom drink had dulled or maddened ?
Some rich merchant, robbed and slain ?

Little knowing, little caring,
Quick the moujik glances round,
Seizes then the body, bearing
To the tide again its drowned.

To the swiftest current guided,
Pushed from that unwilling shore,
Grave and cross still unprovided,
Swims the wandering dead once more.

Wilder waters reached, and deeper,
On the waves the body lay,
Tossing like a troubled sleeper,
As the moujik turned away.

Full of storms the night descended.
Mother, children, calmly slept ;
But the father, unattended
By repose, long vigil kept.

Then he heard the casement shaking—
" Who dares ask for shelter here,
At my window, all awaking ?"
And he opened, half in fear.

Through the rifted black clouds slipping,
Shone the moon ; there, in its beams,
Stood the drowned man, wide-eyed, drip-
ping—
Down his beard ran little streams.

As one threatens, or beseeches,
So his two arms forth he flung.
Shell-fish black, and loathsome leeches,
Round his swollen body hung.

Quick the peasant slammed the shutter,
As he recognized his guest,
" May you burst !" he tried to mutter,
Then lay down—but not to rest.

All night long he saw it plainly,
That dread specter, stern as fate—
Heard the drowned man rapping vainly
At the window or the gate.

Now in whispers 'tis related,
How one night in every year
Sees that peasant, evil-fated,
Haunted with a ghostly fear ;

How the wildest winds are rocking
Ever on that fatal date,
As the drowned man still stands knocking
At the window and the gate.

* Among the Russian peasantry it is regarded as the sacred duty of any one finding a dead human body to give it a Christian burial, and to erect a cross over the grave.

According to the popular superstition, neglect of this duty is invariably followed by some mysterious and fearful punishment. † Papa.

THE FIRST JENNY LIND TICKET.

BY P. T. BARNUM.

IN my lecture on "Success in Life," I give, among many rules, three that are indispensable: First, that a man must gain the confidence of the public as an upright, honest, conscientious man, thereby retaining the faith and good will of all whom he may deal with; second, to supply the *best* that can be procured; and third, to advertise these facts in every proper and feasible manner that reflection and foresight can suggest. I give herewith an illustration of the advantages arising from the above conditions.

When I engaged Jenny Lind to come to America in 1851-52, the price that I contracted to pay her was so enormous for those times that most persons thought it would effect my financial ruin. But I *knew* I had the very *best* attraction of the kind in the world at that time; and as the people would find that out as soon as they heard her sing, my first endeavor was to contrive to get them to attend her earliest concerts. To that end I adopted every conceivable plan that I thought best calculated to stir up the whole country into a wild excitement before the "Swedish Nightingale," the "divine Jenny," should set foot upon our shores.

In my "Autobiography" are given numerous devices to which I resorted for this purpose. I knew that the fabulous sum of money that I was to pay for her dulcet notes would of itself be a "big advertisement;" that people would begin to wonder what the price of tickets would have to be in order even to reimburse me; that many would fear they would not be able to pay the price charged, etc.

This was exactly the state of public feeling a week before her arrival, when I announced that, in order to give all desirous to hear Jenny Lind an equal chance, the tickets would be sold at public auction, starting at the nominal price of three dollars per ticket. It was acknowledged that this plan was fair, but the wonder grew as to how many times the "nominal price" the choice seats would bring in this public competition. All over the United States, and indeed, Europe, the excited people were wait-

ing for the news on this point, which would reach them as soon as possible after the sale.

For ten days preceding the auction the newspapers were full of predictions regarding the price of tickets. Everybody wanted to attend the first concert, and orders from all parts of the country were sent to friends in New York to secure tickets, if they could be bought at prices that were not utterly fabulous.

It is every man's business to exercise the greatest possible foresight, whereby his calling can in an honest way be made most profitable. I clearly foresaw what effect this auction sale of Jenny Lind tickets would necessarily have in the existing excited state of the public mind; and that the higher the prices obtained, the more would the frenzy be increased. Therefore, three days before the auction of concert tickets was to come off, I went quietly to John N. Genin, a popular hat-maker, and told him I had a secret business suggestion to impart, which, if shrewdly managed, would, as I believed, help him thousands of dollars as an advertisement.

"What is it?" eagerly asked Mr. Genin.

"Bid off the first Jenny Lind ticket," I replied; "and the higher the price paid, the greater renown will it give you all over the country within twenty-four hours after its purchase."

Genin, who was a good advertiser, instantly saw his opportunity; and seizing my hand with an air of delight, he eagerly exclaimed: "Barnum, you have made my fortune. This is but one chance in a lifetime. I will buy the first Jenny Lind ticket, but I will not mention it even to my wife till I have secured it."

On reflection, I feared that this brilliant idea might not strike anybody else, and consequently the bidding would not run very high; but as I knew that any business man who bought the first ticket would be a great gainer thereby, I quietly called on Dr. Brandreth, the great pill-maker and a tremendous advertiser. I asked for a private interview. The Doctor invited me into his office,

and locking the door, pointed to an easy arm-chair, and then said in a low voice:

"Friend Barnum, what is up?"

"A mighty big thing for you," I replied, "if you will keep it a profound secret for three days."

The Doctor's eyes sparkled with delight as he squeezed my hand, and said: "My dear Barnum, I pledge my honor not to divulge it to a living being till you say the word."

"Buy the first Jenny Lind ticket at auction, even if you pay high for it," I replied, "and let every newspaper in America and Europe announce that Dr. Brandreth, Junior, the maker of the celebrated 'Brandreth's Pills,' secured the first Jenny Lind ticket, at fifty or a hundred dollars, as the case may be."

The Doctor smiled, and replied: "Pretty good, Barnum, especially for you, if you can sell a ticket at that rate."

I was surprised at the calmness of this remark, and said: "Yes, Doctor, it may be good for me, but that doesn't prevent its being a successful stroke of policy for you."

The Doctor gave me a sly wink, and merely remarked, "Barnum, we all know you have a fertile brain and don't miss any chances to feather your nest. Your foresight is remarkable, and generally quite profitable."

Nettled at the Doctor's temporary obtuseness, I replied:

"Dr. Brandreth, I have long admired your ingenious methods of advertising 'Brandreth's Pills;' but if you can't see the value to your business of my suggestion, I beg to say you will surely regret it when that first Jenny Lind ticket falls into other hands."

The Doctor was so strongly impressed that my idea was a purely selfish one that several minutes elapsed before he began to see that, notwithstanding I should be benefited by the proposed plan, it would not prevent him from reaping a harvest at the same time. He then said: "I thank you for the hint, Mr. Barnum. Perhaps twenty or thirty dollars expended for the first ticket would not be a bad investment; so I will send my cashier to the auction, with instructions to make a liberal bid."

Bidding the Doctor good bye, I walked down Broadway, feeling that my plan had put two worthy and ambitious gentlemen into a frame of mind that would result in greater *éclat* for the Jenny Lind enterprise.

On Saturday, Sept. 7, 1850, three thousand anxious persons entered Castle Garden, New York, to attend the sale of the Jenny Lind tickets, notwithstanding the fact that the lessees of the Garden made their usual charge of twelve and one-half cents for crossing the bridge and thus securing admission to their premises. Dr. Brandreth's cashier and Genin's bookkeeper were in the audience, each unaware of the presence and purpose of the other. The auctioneer mounted his stand, and calling "order," said with great impressiveness:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to offer you the first choice of a seat with the privilege of ten seats at the same price, for the first concert in America of the world-renowned Swedish Nightingale, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind."

A rustle of expectation throughout the vast edifice was heard for a few moments, and then ensued a profound silence. "What am I offered?" asked the auctioneer.

"Twenty-five dollars!" startled the audience, nobody knowing that it was bid by Dr. Brandreth's cashier. The vast multitude held its breath for a moment, when "Fifty dollars!" was heard. The audience could not withhold a rousing cheer.

"Seventy-five dollars!"

"One hundred dollars!" followed in quick succession, and after the lapse of half a minute, as the auctioneer was about to knock it down, "A hundred and fifty dollars!" from Genin's agent electrified the listeners.

"Two hundred dollars!" quickly came like a clap of thunder.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed a voice in a strong and determined tone.

The three thousand ladies and gentlemen present were fairly bewildered. A minute elapsed, when the auctioneer, who had not had a chance to open his mouth since the bidding commenced, said:

"Is this the last bid, gentlemen? Bid quick or you lose it. Going, going, gone. Who is the lucky purchaser?"

"John N. Genin, the hatter!" cried a stentorian voice. The multitude seemed thunderstruck, but in an instant there went up "Three cheers for Genin, the hatter!" which were distinctly heard on the main land and reverberated around the world.

I saw Mr. Genin soon after the auction

was over, congratulated him on his pluck and success, and asked him out of curiosity how much he would have paid for that choice seat rather than to have missed its purchase. He replied :

"I told my book-keeper to bid as high as a thousand dollars, if necessary; and then, as he knew how my bank account stood, he might use his own discretion."

Dr. Brandreth told me the next day that he limited his cashier to two hundred dollars, not dreaming that any one else would bid half that ; "but," he added, "I had better have paid five thousand dollars than to have missed securing the first Jenny Lind ticket. Such a splendid chance for notoriety will never again offer."

Genin made a fortune out of it. His hats were bought by nearly everybody ; and as he was careful to make a good article, well worth the price paid, he secured thousands of permanent customers. Almost every man visiting New York was sure to wear home a "Genin hat," thus causing his neighbors to envy him till they in turn secured a similar prize.

In Dubuque, Iowa, it was told that twenty or thirty men were awaiting at the post-office the arrival of the mail containing a newspaper account of the Jenny Lind ticket sale. One man seized the paper and read aloud to his anxious friends : "The first Jenny Lind ticket sold for two hundred and twenty-five dollars to Genin, the hatter !"

Every man present involuntarily took off his hat to see if it was made by Genin. Sure enough, one man who wore an old hat not worth fifty cents found Genin's name in it. He instantly became the hero of the hour. All shook hands with him and tendered their congratulations. One gentleman exclaimed : "My dear sir, that hat is invaluable. Preserve it carefully, and hand it down as an heir-loom."

Another man called out : "Jim, you are lucky, but don't be mean. Give us all a chance; set up your Genin hat at auction."

"Jim," being not overburdened with cash, and caring more for money than heir-loom, acceded to this proposition. Taking the hat from his head, he cried out: "Here she goes, goes ! Give us a bid for the real Genin hat !"

The first bid was one dollar, and within

the space of five minutes it was knocked down at seven dollars and fifty cents, and paid for.

Newspapers and magazines all over the country, and indeed in all countries, spoke of Genin's achievement. The *London Times* devoted nearly two columns to the Jenny Lind excitement in America, the auction sale of tickets, and "Genin, the hatter," and said that at the first concert Mr. Genin ought himself to occupy the prize seat, and have a huge hat suspended over it so that the purchaser might be recognized by the audience. Of course all these things brought grist to my mill by helping to increase the excitement over what was undoubtedly the greatest musical triumph of any age or country.

Some twenty years after this event, my English friend, George Augustus Sala, visited New York as correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*. I called on him at the Brevoort House. It was winter, and I took him in my sleigh for a drive through Central Park. On the way I called at the house of Mr. Genin in Fourteenth Street, and invited him to join us. As we rode through the Park, all joining in pleasant conversation on numerous subjects, Mr. Sala said :

"By the way, Mr. Barnum, what became of that man Genin, the hatter, who bought the first Jenny Lind ticket at auction?"

It is needless to say that Mr. Sala's two companions were convulsed with laughter as I pointed to Mr. Genin, and replied :

"This is the man."

Mr. Sala of course expressed his astonishment at this remarkable coincidence, while I "improved the occasion" by saying :

"Friend Genin, this should give you an idea of the immense value of that ticket purchase, when a prominent editor of a leading London newspaper remembers you as its purchaser, simply missing the usual pronunciation of your name."

"Oh, I am satisfied," exclaimed Genin, with his usual hearty laugh.

And well he might be, for it made his fortune and identified him with the history of a musical enterprise, the unparalleled receipts of which were seven hundred and twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-one dollars and thirty-four cents, for ninety-five concerts given within a period of eight months.

A REMEDY FOR POVERTY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IT has been calculated that on the average, each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life twenty wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say some one hundred and twenty ounces per day during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half-pints of liquid food, and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman.

Yet probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be one hundred and forty-three ounces. Doubtless many take much less; but unquestionably many take much more than this. When some one mentioned before Sydney Smith the twenty wagon-loads of food calculated for each man's allowance, he turned to Lord Durham, who like himself was corpulent (and not without sufficient reason), with the quaint remark, "I think *our* wagons, Durham, must be four-horsed ones." There are members of the London Corporation, to seek no farther, whose wagons must be six-horsed ones, and well loaded at that.

Considering in this way the totality of food consumed by each average member of the community, in connection with such evidence as the lives of Louis Cornaro, and others,* have supplied to show that with much less food men may have much better health and live much longer, the thought can not but suggest itself that much of the poverty that prevails might be removed if it were generally known how much of the

money now wasted on unnecessary supplies of food could be saved. Of course, not every one can live as Cornaro did, who took but twenty-six ounces of food daily, so that such an allowance as his, extended even over a hundred years, would amount only to seven wagon-loads instead of the twenty constituting the supply of a short-lived septuagenarian, consuming one hundred ounces daily. But his example shows that most men, even though working hard for a livelihood and living under conditions rendering larger food supplies necessary (as doctors agree), might thrive better than they do and enjoy life more, if their food were reduced to half its present amount. This would still be more than double Cornaro's allowance.

In 1871, a time when the Prussian Government was eagerly anxious to have its army in prime working order, the war office at Berlin created an establishment capable of producing daily seventy-five thousand sausages containing bacon, prepared pea-flour, onions, and other ingredients, including salt. These sausages weighed one pound each, and were sent away packed in boxes, to be used as food for the armies in campaign, each soldier having one sausage as his daily ration. Probably, since men drink less the less they eat, each German soldier during the Franco-German war consumed daily on the average not more than thirty ounces of solid and liquid food.

Yet the German armies did their work exceedingly well, and that work was probably at least half as hard again, while the campaign lasted, as the average work of a laboring man. The price of this sufficient and evidently healthy food is worth considering. The establishment above mentioned, which probably did not work with exceptional cheapness, charged much more for the packing and forwarding of the sausages than for the food contained in them. But from what is known about the ingredients, it would seem that, either in the form of a sausage, or preferably (in cities) provided so as to be fit at once for boiling (according to the instructions issued to the German

*See "How to Live a Hundred Years," in the July Number of the COSMOPOLITAN.

soldiery), the daily pound of food would not cost more than eight or nine cents retail, and could probably be obtained wholesale even more cheaply.

Although, however, such examples serve to show how cheaply the actual requirements of the body in regard to nutriment may be supplied, yet we have to consider something more than the mere daily recruiting of the body's strength. It will be remembered that in Cornaro's case, although, at first, the great diminution he adopted in regard to the quantity of food which he consumed taxed his resolution in some degree, he later derived more satisfaction when eating his simple food than he had ever obtained during the luxurious banquets of his earlier life. Unless this experience were confirmed when men attempted a considerable reduction in their daily supply of food, we may be sure that very few would adhere steadily to the change, even though they found their health improved and their spirits brightened. For undoubtedly nature urges most men, if not all, to seek for pleasure from eating and drinking; insomuch that when, overcoming nature in this respect, men eat food which, though nourishing, is nauseous, they get very little good from it.

Now I am inclined to doubt whether the kind of food which the German Government supplies its soldiers with during campaign would be regarded as very pleasant for constant consumption. It is barely possible that with the corrected appetite that comes from spare living, the soup formed from the sausage-meat supplied to the German army might be very agreeable eating. To soldiers on a campaign it may even be delightful. But I imagine that most persons would prefer such food as Cornaro took, or at any rate desire an occasional change. There are, however, abundant ways in which diet, even as spare as that recommended by Cornaro, might be diversified.

The point to be noticed is that probably most of us could dispense with at least half of the wagon-loads of food which, as above mentioned, we consume during our lifetime, even though the remaining wagon-loads would probably have to last a longer time (judging from Cornaro's experience) than the full allowance.

Now to all men improved health and to most men lengthened life must be desirable.

To most men the mere diminution of expense resulting from the dismissal of ten or twelve heavily laden wagon-loads of food for life's supply must be worth considering. But to an unfortunately large number of people this last-mentioned gain would be a matter of importance. At all times, the struggle for life must, with a large proportion of the population, be close. The very fact that it is so, that wages earned will barely suffice to maintain the workers and those dependent upon them, causes the wage-rate to run lower yet, by rendering the competition for work keener. Men lose their independence and are compelled to accept lower wages than are just, because even just wages mean with so many the barest maintenance in the manner in which the working population mostly live.

If the working classes, recognizing the lesson underlying such experience as Cornaro and others have gained, perceived further how much greater the benefit must be to them than to richer folks, it is clear that the pressure of poverty would be immensely reduced. This, however, is not the point on which I would chiefly insist. The working classes are somewhat impatient (and naturally enough) of advice proffered to them on such points as these. Even in England, where for generation after generation numbers of families, especially in agricultural districts, have consented to be preached at by the squire and his wife and daughters, as well as by their appointed pastor, the rector, and *his* family, on this question of moderation in eating and drinking, such preaching is not much liked, though it may be more or less patiently endured. It is because with the saving (to say nothing of increased strength and improved health) resulting from an abstemious manner of life, there comes an increase of independence, that I dwell on the merely pecuniary aspect of the question.

Few seem to notice what an influence the food question has had in determining the amount of real freedom that the bulk of a community enjoys. We must carefully distinguish between the effects of mere cheapness of food, or ease in obtaining it, and the influence of such moderation in the use of food as enables men to put by a portion of their earnings, and so to obtain independence. I have shown (in an article on the

"Influence of Food upon Civilization," in the *North American Review*) that nearly always where food is very abundant and cheap, the population has become overgreat, and as a result the people have fallen under despotism more or less severe. That has not been, however, because the food has been cheap, but because the working classes have been improvident and thoughtless.

There is no more striking example of this than the case of the Peruvians and Mexicans in old times. Living chiefly on the banana, which is produced so prolifically that an acre sown with bananas will support twenty-five times as many persons as an acre sown with wheat, they thrived—in a sense—and multiplied, until, through the overproduction of population, the struggle for life became so severe that they sank into a most degraded condition. The separation between the poor and the rich became wider than probably it has ever been in any nation or community before or since—wider even than between the planters and the colored population in the West Indies and in the Southern States. "The whole duty of defraying the expenses of the government belonged to the people," that is, to the poor, by whose labor the taxes were paid in kind, so that in Peru as in Mexico the crown lands were tilled by the poor, public works were carried on by them, and by them the various houses belonging to the rulers were built and furnished. So degraded were the Peruvians and Mexicans that they possessed nothing, as Prescott points out, "that deserved to be called property. They could follow no craft, engage in no labor and no amusement but such as was specially provided by law. They could not change their residence or their dress without a license from the government. They could not exercise the freedom which is conceded to the most abject in other countries—that of selecting their own wives."

It might seem as though such cases as these, which might be multiplied—since Egypt, India, China, and other overpopulated countries have taught the same lesson—showed that cheapness of food led directly to the degradation of peoples and their eventual subjection beneath the complete control of the wealthier classes. If this follows from the small cost of food, by which expenditure is reduced, it would seem that the

same must follow from the reduction of expenditure by diminishing the quantity of food consumed. But there is an immense difference between the effects of easy living resulting from the lavishness with which nature supplies food, and those of easy living resulting from the resolute determination to waste nothing on unnecessary food, or on food found to be not only excessive in quantity, but absolutely injurious.

I touched in passing on this consideration in the article above mentioned, where I wrote that, "if all men were sound reasoners and resolute to act as their reason taught them, whatever rendered the struggle for life easier would help to advance the race or nation which had the benefit of the difference." Darwin says that if the means of subsistence were doubled in England the population would be quickly doubled; but we need not therefore assume that if men in England determined to make their expenses for food one-half what they are at present, the population would be doubled at the same rapid rate. For whereas one change, due to Nature's lavish hand, would tend directly to encourage improvidence, the other, being due to human reason and resolution, would as naturally be accompanied by provident forethought in regard to other matters also. "Lightly come, lightly go," would be the way with gifts lavished by nature; but what men save by self-sacrifice and endurance they are not so ready to squander.

Another consideration also must be taken into account in comparing the effects of diminished expenses resulting from mere cheapness of food, and saving resulting from an abstemious mode of life. Where food is very cheap, steady labor is discouraged; where food is not cheap, steady labor is necessary with the greater number of the community. Among a population who find it easy to obtain a subsistence with little labor, we are not likely to find either steady working ways or the thought of putting by property either in the form of money or goods. Now labor is the very essence of true liberty. We unconsciously recognize this when we speak of the product of labor as constituting independence; for instance, when we say of a man who has either earned or inherited enough money to be self-supporting, that he is "of independent means."

I touch therefore on the advantages of an

abstemious life, without any idea of what may be called *Pardiggleism* (see Dickens's "Bleak House"), without any thought of undertaking to advise the working members of the community about their manner of living. I offer only a suggestion directed toward the increase of that real personal liberty which is almost independent of forms of government, which may exist under an absolute monarchy and may be wanting in a republic, ay, even here in America. The workingman may not be able to become a capitalist by such savings as would result from halving—let us suppose—the amount of food that so many in all classes consume to their detriment. Even the increase of working power that comes from the diminution of food to the amount necessary for maintaining the bodily energies, and the consequently diminished tax on those bodily functions which have to deal with the extra amount of food, may not represent any very great value in actual money, however important the increase of comfort and happiness resulting from such moderation may be. But the saving of two or three dollars weekly in the expenses of a workingman and his family (supposed to include two or three other workers) would signify in the course of only a few years a sum which, to such a family, would be of great importance, not merely for what it could purchase but for the anxieties that it would remove, even though for many years not a cent of it were touched, and it underwent no change but the increase resulting from the steady accumulation of interest.

It may seem to many readers that all this is very trite. It is nothing but the old, old lesson, so often repeated, so little noted, that we can most of us save a portion of our expenses, and that small savings steadily made mount up in the long run to large sums. There may be recognized, however, these points of novelty in what I have suggested: First, the diminished outlay for food is not only indicated as an effective remedy against poverty, but as a means of securing improved health and longer-lasting life; and Secondly, the indirect gain is scarcely less than these direct advantages, nay, may even be regarded as greater, if we consider that life is scarce worth living without freedom, and that there can be no full freedom even under the freest form of government where the bulk of the community is

hampered in means. The effects, further, of the diminished struggle for life would be important as depriving capital of much of that portion of its control over labor which must be regarded as unjust and injurious. Were such care shown in the due limitation of the food supplies of the bulk of the community as seems desirable, the steady though slow accumulation of small capitals in the hands of the many would in the long run enable the working classes, without strikes or other undesirable interruptions of the progress of trade, to secure just wages—seeing that they would no longer have occasion to make forced sales of their labor, as practically they now so often do. In the course of somewhat longer but quite measurable time intervals, there would arise an appreciably more even distribution of capital than at present prevails. Labor would rise in relative value, while in absolute value capital would at least not diminish, even if it did not actually increase.

On such questions as these science has a lesson to teach which she herself has been long in learning, and has only learned after many mistakes. Of old, the students of pure science as well as the students of those mixed sciences which bear on social relations, overlooked the importance of the action of small forces working uniformly during long periods of time. Now, we see the astronomer recognizing the growing of a world in the steady inflow of meteor dust, the geologist accounting for mountain ranges several miles in height, nay, for strata a dozen miles in total thickness, by processes of subsidence which on the average have not added a layer one-fourth of an inch thick to the sea-floor in a twelvemonth. The biologist traces the origin of species in changes where effects, even in hundreds of years, are scarcely appreciable. In the work of the coral polyp, the naturalist finds the origin of immense masses of land; while science sees the slow work of the mold-worm, upheaving (no less) whole layers of the earth's crust. The sociologist begins to see how in like manner the strata of society may be changed in relative position by the steady action of seemingly slight forces, even more effectively than by those social disturbances which may be compared to the action of the more violent subterranean forces on the strata of the earth's crust.

Among the forces which, though slowly acting, may most effectively in the long run influence the fortunes of the various classes of communities, I take it that the most important is that general spread of knowledge by which the working classes are enabled to learn what are the chief factors of their comfort, their happiness, and their dignity as men. If each takes the lesson to himself, and along with it the great general lesson of the efficiency of multiplied and long-continued actions each small in itself, the world will have less reason ere long than now to complain of the unequal fortunes of men. The saying may forever remain true that the poor will be always with us; there may

always be men of great possessions. *But*, there is poverty and poverty; there is wealth and wealth. For poverty and want, there may come hereafter modest competence and content; for wealth and waste, there may be substituted wealth's real worth. Those who place no trust (I confess I place none myself) in plans for directly and at once removing social wrongs, may look forward hopefully to the work of wisely employed time to cure now prevalent miseries—by which too many among the poor lose for life's sake all that makes life worth living, while no less a proportion among the rich lose wealth's real worth for wealth's own worthless sake.

THE BURNING SHIP.

ALFRED H. PETERS.

STRANGE specter of the deep,
Whose fiery form doth sweep
Blazing our course athwart,
Some thing of comet birth,
Skimming the face of earth,
Thou to my fancy art.

In vain thy speed; behind,
Borne on the tireless wind,
Thy spoiler keepeth pace,
Leaping from spar to mast,
Around thee yet more fast,
Closing his hot embrace.

From whence, or whither bound,
None knoweth; while around,
O'er ocean's trackless space,
Far as the eye can view,
Of passenger or crew
Appeareth not a trace.

Of mortal aid bereft,
To perish thou art left
Alone in thy distress,
Encompassed by a foe
That laugheth at thy woe,
Remorseless, pitiless.

Like to a human soul
Thou art, when self-control
And conscience cease to check,
Whom unrestrained desires
Consume as do the fires
That lick thy fated deck.

Over life's shoreless sea
Beyond relief, like thee,
Their wrecks before us loom,
Ghosts of their primal form,
Driven by passion's storm
To sink in endless gloom.



THE SECOND WIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS IN THE STORY OF HER LIFE.*

By J. HENRY HAGER.

THE true story of the life of Marie-Louise-Léopoldine-Françoise Thérèse-Joséphine-Lucie,† the daughter of Francis I. of Austria, and the wife *en second nocces* of Napoleon I. of France, still remains to be told. The Marie Louise of fact would seem to have been a quite different person from the Marie Louise of history, altogether different from the blonde German girl that Lamartine describes in his "Histoire de la Restauration," as one of those languishing Teutonic beauties that were made to lean on some stronger nature, and whose glances were full of "dreams" and "*horizons intérieurs*;" and different again from the cold, self-contained, Diana-like goddess that the Man of Destiny, fretting away his life so many thousand leagues from the woman he loved, had enshrined in his heart, and on whom he had wasted all the affection that his exacting ambition had left him.

When we turn from these *simulacra* to the real Austrian princess, playing as a child with wooden toys representing the French army, and heaping infantine scorn and contempt on the worst-looking figure of the group as the representative of her future husband; when we find her unable to enjoy a book that contains his biography, commiserating the lot of the woman that he shall select as his wife, and a few months afterwards apparently enjoying the utmost degree of human felicity when advanced to that very position; when we see her seemingly unhappy out of his presence, and still making no effort to share his exile when misfortune falls heavily upon him; when, in opposition to her simple personal tastes, we see her attempting to carry away the French crown jewels and all Napoleon's ready money;‡ when she willingly turns her back on her old life and enters on an entirely new

existence as nonchalantly as if she had just been born on a new planet: we must conclude that we have to do with one whose career has been but imperfectly understood, and the key to the apparent contradictions of whose character is still to be discovered.

It would seem, however, that the clue has at last been placed in the hands of the puzzled historical inquirer. Fortunately, much of our fresh information regarding this strange personality comes from the fountain-head—Marie Louise herself. Certain of her admirers in Vienna, having been struck by the fact that more light should be thrown on the history of this Austrian "martyr," have come to the conclusion that to suppress the letters in their possession would be to perpetrate "a fraud upon the public, to do an injustice to the memory of the Duchess of Parma."

Singularly enough, about the same time that these anonymous Austrian editors were thus struggling with these pangs of conscience, the Comte d'Herisson was preparing to publish in Paris a book that he has entitled "Le Cabinet Noir," the generic name for that department of paternal European governments in which private correspondence is violated for the public good, and by means of which the police sometimes discover their most valuable clues. M. d'Herisson's private and particular *cabinet noir* consists of secret police reports taken from the portfolio of Baron Mounier, who was for ten years the secretary of the first Napoleon, and who subsequently became the "right arm" of the Duc de Richelieu and the director-general of the departmental police of France. The revelations of the "Cabinet Noir" are arranged under three heads, and refer respectively to Louis XVII., Napoleon I., and Marie Louise. In the present article we

* CORRESPONDANCE DE MARIE LOUISE, 1799-1847. Private and Unpublished Letters to the Countess de Coloredo (afterwards Princess of Lorraine) and to Mlle. de Poutet, who, in 1810, became Countess de Crenneville. With three Portraits. Vienna, 1887.

LE CABINET NOIR. By the Comte d'Herisson. Paris, 1887.

REVUE DE DEUX MONDES. Aug. 1, 1887. "Private Letters of the Empress Marie Louise." By G. Valbert.

† She was born in Vienna, Dec. 13, 1791, and died there, Dec. 18, 1847.

‡ Le Cabinet Noir, p. 275.

shall, of course, only quote from the chapters regarding the latter.

The letters that have thus been given to the world in Vienna cover a period of nearly half a century, beginning in 1799, when Marie Louise was only eight years of age. She would seem to have been an industrious, docile, obedient child, who might have grown into a worthy woman, but for radical defects of character as ingrained as they were perverse and disheartening. In 1802 we find her sending her governess a birthday present, and asseverating that she prayed every day to "the Supreme Being that He would long preserve to her her dear Colloredo," and that she would "at least try to walk in the shadow of the qualities" that caused the latter to be held in such general esteem. Nor was she an ignoramus, since we find her boasting that she "knows something of nine languages—German, English, Turkish, Bohemian, Spanish, the language that reads backward,* cipher, Italian, French, and shorthand." She confesses to a habit of skimming over books rather than reading them, but declares that she prefers "Athalie" to the romances of Auguste Lafontaine. She is fond of drawing and music, and embroiders portfolios for her father, and knits woolen skirts for her mother.

Her tastes seem to be simple. She prefers rural pleasures to the stately entertainments of the Court. "I had such a pleasant time," she writes, "gathering veronica in the plain of Achau to make tea with. In fact, I do not remember having passed a pleasanter day in all my life." Three years later she enjoyed herself still more: "Yesterday the weather was charming, and I walked with papa and mamma in the Altbürger Au. Papa hunted, and we fished. We caught twenty crabs." She was fond of animals and bestowed much care on them. She notes, with satisfaction, the fact that a pet hare had begun to grow tame. "He ate a cabbage leaf this morning out of Laforêt's hand. I came near catching a splendid frog, pistachio-green; but he jumped back into the ditch that goes around the old Castle. I was sorry, for I never saw a finer; perhaps I shall catch him again." She did not catch him again, but she was speedily consoled for his loss. "Yesterday

Kammerfrau brought me four frogs. I gave two to my sister, Léopoldine, and the others I kept. They are very fine." She was then thirteen.

As this blue-eyed blonde grew up, she proved that she was moved and calmed with equal readiness. Her agitation was never very profound. The surface of the lake was ruffled by the slightest breeze, but the water at the bottom remained heavy and cold. And still, at the age of seventeen, she was surprised at the insensibility of her younger sister, the future Empress of Brazil: "I assure you I envy my sister, Léopoldine, the slight impression that our misfortunes seem to make on her; but she'll live all the longer for it. She is now amusing herself in raising a hoopoe; he is splendid and very tame; she takes him into the garden where yesterday he came near being snapped up by a cat." This criticism of her sister, in view of her own pronounced defects of character, is entertaining. Although the fortunes of war had separated her family into three parts, and she had been obliged to leave her dear Vienna and take refuge in Hungary, everything furnished her amusement, and took her mind away from the grim realities by which she was surrounded. After lamenting the bloodshed, the hospitals filled with dead and wounded, she refers to the agreeable days spent in a house where "one is awakened at 3 A. M. by the pigs being driven to pasture." She admires the trout ponds and natural cascades seen in her walks, talks Hungarian with the peasants, and buys cherries.

The editors of the Letters—published, we are told, under the patronage of the Count de Falkenhayn, the Austrian Minister of Agriculture—term the marriage of Marie Louise with Napoleon an heroic act of self-sacrifice. But the German wife of the Man of Destiny had no elements of the heroine in her composition. She never knew what it was to suffer, or the bitterness that wrings the soul with anguish. Trials she had, and disappointments, like the rest of us; but, being thoroughly selfish, she bore them with a philosophy that was more than equal to every occasion, and that would have been remarkable in one possessing the usual amount of the milk of human kindness.

The first reference to Napoleon is found in a letter written in 1808. She has been read-

* Probably Hebrew.

ing a "New Plutarch," being a "Biography of the Illustrious Men of All Time from Homer to Bonaparte," and says: "The name of Bonaparte sullies this work. I could have wished that the author had included no one later than Francis II., who also accomplished great things and founded Theresianum." She then goes on to characterize Napoleon as a "Corsican," and as "Antichrist." In July of the following year, she writes that she is dreading a visit from this Monster, and declares that to meet him "would be the most terrible of martyrdoms" for her. "I should not be able to conceal my aversion, and he would notice it." "The Emperor," she adds, "is residing at Schönbrunn, our Schönbrunn. He reviews his Guard every day, and it is said to be an imposing sight. I have received the piece of music by Jadin. It is charming, although dedicated to Mme. Bonaparte."

When the divorce between Napoleon and Joséphine had been announced, reports were put in circulation that Marie Louise was to be the new Empress of France. Referring to these rumors she writes, under the date of January 10, 1810: "I don't believe a word of what they say. Napoleon would not risk a refusal, and there is too much harm that he can yet do us. And papa is too good to wish to force me in so grave a matter. I let them talk, but pity the poor princess that he will choose. However, I'm very sure that I am not the victim predestined by politics." And a few days' later: "Since Napoleon's divorce, I expect to find the name of the woman he has chosen in every number of the *Frankfort Journal*. I confess that this delay makes me anxious in spite of myself. I have, however, placed my fate in the hands of Providence, which alone knows what will conduce to our happiness; but if ill-luck will have it, I am ready to sacrifice my happiness for the good of the State. One only finds true happiness in duty done, even at the price of one's peace of mind."

Again on Jan. 23 she writes as follows: "I know that they already have me married, in Vienna, to the great Napoleon, but I hope the rumor is unfounded. However, I am none the less thankful for your kind wishes; if, in spite of all, the thing comes to pass, I shall be the only one not to rejoice at it." In a letter bearing the same date addressed to her friend, Mlle. de Poutet, she adds that

she amuses herself by composing waltzes, a singular mode of preparing for an heroic act!

A hiatus of three months now occurs in the correspondence. In the mean time Marie Louise, having been married to the modern Antichrist, and finding him not so detestable as he was painted, has become reconciled to her lot. The next letter is dated, "Compiègne, 24 April, 1810." "I wish, my dear Victoria," she again writes to Mlle. de Poutet, who had herself just been married, "that you may be as happy as I am, and that you may find in life enjoyment equal to mine." She also praised Napoleon's easy disposition, his willingness to oblige, and his graciousness, and declared that her happiest moments were those that she passed alone with him.

After the birth of her son, the King of Rome, she prays Heaven that the child may, like its father, make all those happy that shall be brought in contact with and know him. She has but one cause of unhappiness—her husband's absence. "I can only be happy near him! May God ever preserve you from such a separation; it is too much for a loving heart, and, should it continue longer, I feel that I shall succumb." In bidding him good bye, she was convulsed by "a more violent emotion than she had ever experienced in leaving her family." If a day passed without receiving letters, she was at once thrown into the deepest despair, and when one came it only comforted her for a few hours.

All this seems very wifely and charming, and did the story end here, posterity would, no doubt, have voted the blonde Austrian to be a very sensitive and loving spouse. But unfortunately the days were rapidly approaching, when she was to allow herself to be separated forever from this tenderly loved husband without regret; when, while he cherished her memory on his rock in the Atlantic, as the one thing left him from the wreck of all his earthly hopes, she was solacing herself with the love of another man into whose arms she had thrown herself without waiting for the formalities of the marriage ceremony.

At this period of her career, she would, it seems, have been perfectly happy if her Cæsar had been able to keep quiet; to sit in his chair without moving, like a good

child. She was not gifted with her husband's genius; but she was clear-sighted within a certain range, and she had a good share of that uncommon quality—common sense. Napoleon's boundless ambition made her afraid. There were men, in her opinion, who, by pushing success too far, might tire Fortune and weary Victory, and she shrewdly suspected that the Emperor would prove to be one of those soldiers who seemed bent on meeting ruin half way and "fearing," as M. Valbert expresses it, "to miss the rendezvous that Misfortune had given them." She herself was happy in "her corner," and asked nothing better than to be allowed to remain there.

But the time came when this was impossible. The fears of the young wife had been realized. The Allies had entered Paris, Napoleon had signed his abdication at Fontainebleau, and she herself had been escorted to Blois *en route* to Orléans. But even under these calamities she was not altogether cast down. M. d'Haussonville, in his amusing "*Souvenirs de Jeunesse*," informs us that his father accompanied the Empress in her retreat to Blois, and was as much edified by her conduct as by her language. An incident, related to him by the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire, seems to prove, however, that even at this supreme moment, she did not quite rise to the level of the situation.

M. de Sainte Aulaire, says the historian, was commissioned to inform her both of the Emperor's attempt at suicide by taking poison, and his abdication. He called early in the morning, and found the Empress, who had not had time to put on her shoes, sitting on the edge of the bed. Embarrassed by the bad news he had to communicate, he entered the room with downcast eyes.

"Oh! you are looking at my feet," she said at once. "I was always told that they were pretty."

At first stunned by the completeness of her disasters, and by the rapid movement of events, Marie Louise soon recovered her presence of mind. After taking time to reflect, she declared that, as she had sacrificed herself to the good of the State in 1810, she felt warranted in looking after her own welfare in 1814. To reside in Vienna and play a rôle second to that of her step-mother, the Empress, whom she had snubbed during her

splendid visit to Dresden, did not suit her "book." While no longer the sovereign of a colossal empire, she still wished to be at the head of some lesser principality, where her will might be law—one of the little duchies of which there was at that time a general assortment on the continent, and the affairs of which she might regulate to her liking.

She had fixed her eyes on the triad, Parma, Plaisance, and Guastalla, and the youthful Empress, usually so amiable and light-hearted, now displayed an amount of resolution and obstinacy that astonished all who knew her. The Allies offered her Lucca, or a pension to be paid by Tuscany and Bohemia; but neither Metternich nor her father could induce her to accept either. She didn't care for Lucca, it was too near the Island of Elba; and as to the pension, were it ever so large, it could not afford her occupation, and her governess had educated her to abhor idleness. She was asked to enter into an agreement not to communicate with her husband and to abandon her son. She argued with herself that she could exist without seeing her offspring, but she could not live outside of Parma, and ended by yielding all that was demanded of her.

Once she was established in the "corner" that she had selected for herself, Marie Louise's ambition seemed to be to forget. Over the past—her life as empress, her relations as wife and mother—she wished to draw a curtain never to be raised again. When Kant had lost his faithful servant, Campe, he was for a long time inconsolable; then, becoming indignant at his own weakness, he summoned all his philosophy to enable him to struggle against it, and made this entry in his diary: "*Nota bene*, I must remember to forget Campe."

So Marie Louise devoted all her time, after reaching Parma, to remembering to forget. When Chateaubriand saw her in 1822 at the Congress of Verona, he did not think that the grief of widowhood had materially affected her spirits. "Although the universe," he writes, "was filled with the remembrance of Napoleon, she did not trouble herself to think about him. We said to her that we had seen her guards at Plaisance, but that formerly they were much more numerous. Her reply was: 'I never think of that any

more.* She also referred carelessly to the King of Rome."

Herscheme of life at Parma did not include marriage, at least not with one who should be her equal in rank. She brooked no rival near the throne, and intended to be sole ruler of her own petty dominions. Still she was only twenty-four, and felt the need of a masculine adviser, a *grand-maitre*, a factotum, who must also be an agreeable man; one who would occupy the second place in the little principality, but must still be her subject.

Perhaps the necessity for such a guide, philosopher, and friend was suggested by the presence of the man himself. She had met him in Savoy and together they had explored the Alps. The future *grand-maitre* was General, Count de Neipperg. He was not physically attractive, having lost an eye in the wars, and being in the habit of concealing his wound with a large black bandage. Besides, he was twenty years older than the German Archduchess. Still he was good tempered, witty, and a clever musician. He had had much experience in affairs, could play the courtier, and knew how to simulate passion.

It was to this one-eyed lover that she sacrificed her good name, too impatient to await the event that came some five years after her establishment as a sovereign on her own account—the death of Napoleon. Meantime her life was not at all an unhappy one. It is true that she sometimes complained of her surroundings. Perfect felicity, she thought, was not to be found in this "wretched world." In small courts as in large ones, were to be encountered people with fault-finding, meddlesome dispositions. "I now and then," she writes, "meet with hateful things that annoy me." "But without these *seccatures*, I should be too happy." She also complained of rheumatism, and at times found it difficult to rid herself of her chilblains; but on the other hand she had a round of petty amusements of which she never tired. When she was at Sala, one of her residences, she walked, rode, and made her horse leap ditches. Rural pleasures delighted her. She laid out English

gardens and planted orchards. In the evening she played billiards, chess, or backgammon with the ladies of the court. At Parma she gave balls, although she was an indifferent dancer, and constantly attended the theater. Indeed, the latter may be said to have been her chief source of amusement. She maintained her own company, and at times sent it to other cities.*

In the month of September, 1816, soon after taking possession of her duchies, the mantle of forgetfulness of the past, in which Marie Louise had sought to wrap herself, was rudely rent. She was paying a visit to Bologna when a crowd gathered around her carriage and cried, "Long live Napoleon the Great! Long live his unfortunate wife, our sovereign, the Empress." This ill-timed enthusiasm moved her deeply. She had sworn not to remember, she had buried her recollections, but the dead were coming back to life! "Those wretched Bolognese," was her comment on the occurrence, "kept me from seeing what I especially wanted to see in the city."

Nor did she, amid this self-seeking, altogether neglect her duties as a sovereign. She concerned herself with the administration of the government; she maintained order and put by money. She had brought back from France a fondness for building, and it was one of her theories that sovereigns should seek to embellish their capitals. So she constructed bridges, built an assembly hall, asylums, and a military school. She made several visits to Vienna, crossed the Po to assist at reviews, and came back with a nose inflamed by exposure to the sun to the size of "a fine pear," and asking herself whether compresses would ever restore it to its original shape. In 1822 she made her appearance at the Congress of Vienna, to which she had not been invited, and generally showed herself disposed to recall the fact of her existence to those who had forgotten that she was still alive.

In the midst of these pleasing employments, she lost the man of her choice. Count Neipperg, with whom she had contracted a morganatic marriage on the death of Napoleon, died in 1829. She wept copiously and

* For further details of her life at Parma, the reader is referred to the letters, quoted in "Le Cabinet Noir," by Count d'Hérissou's father, that gentleman having visited the duchy soon after the arrival of Marie Louise. He will

also find a description of the \$100,000 bedroom and toilet set presented to the Empress by the City of Paris, and which, with other *spolia* brought from the Tuilleries, she kept in the garret of one of her residences.

declared to Mme. de Crenneville that her happiness was wrecked forever. In vain she repeated to herself that the departed was at rest, that he was looking down upon her from the skies; she could not find consolation. Her letter, filled with protestations of a similar character, ended thus: "I am going to bore you now with a whole heap of commissions."

Neipperg or no Neipperg, life must go on as usual, and existence at Parma necessitated the purchase of many articles of feminine adornment in Vienna. But as there is said to be more than one way of becoming reconciled with Heaven, so life in Parma was not so barren an affair for the relict of the *grand-maitre* as she would have her friend believe. Not many winters came and went before the one-eyed Count was replaced by a husband who rejoiced in two. The widow called his successor a *trouvaille*, "a real saint, and so agreeable in society." His title was the Comte de Bombelles.

But what, meantime, had been the attitude of her first husband toward the ruler of Parma, the man she had striven so sedulously to forget? With him, if we can believe her letters, she had been measurably in love. If her felicity had been less than perfect, it was not owing to any want of attention, any lack of *petits soins* on the part of the Emperor, but to the restless ambition that drew him from her side. If he could have been satisfied with the conquests already made, if he could have remained in France, if the inevitable catastrophe could have been postponed, if, in short, Bonaparte could have been less Bonaparte, the cup of happiness quaffed by the Austrian Princess would have been constantly replenished.

And on his side, Napoleon seems to have been quite as well satisfied with the choice he had made, although it had been dictated by political necessity. On the day of the bride's arrival, March 28, 1810, when Napoleon, unable to resist his own impatience, had gone out to meet her several leagues beyond Soissons—she was coming westward from Strasbourg—he is reported to have said to one of his courtiers, pulling him by the ear: "My dear fellow, be sure and marry a

German woman. They are the best women in the world—gentle, good, ingenuous, and fresh as roses!"* When, after his abdication, he was making preparations for his sojourn at Elba, he remarked in a conversation with the Marquis de Bausset: "The air there is wholesome, and the inhabitants are very worthy people. I shall not be very badly off, and I trust that Marie Louise will find it equally agreeable." He then little suspected that he had seen his wife for the last time.

Again at St. Helena he remarked: "I have had to do during my life with two women altogether different—one (Joséphine) was Art itself and the embodiment of the Graces; the other, innocence and simple nature."† "If," he added, on another occasion, when speaking to Bertrand, "the Empress has made no great effort to alleviate my sufferings, it is because she is kept surrounded by spies who prevent her from knowing the truth, for Marie Louise is *virtue itself*!" And this personification of virtue, who threw herself into her lover's arms at the first opportunity, without waiting for the sanction even of a morganatic marriage,‡ writes from Sala, on hearing of her husband's death, that "far from ill-treating me, as every one supposed, he always showed the greatest consideration for me."

It may then be taken as proved that Napoleon, whatever his errors of omission and commission, remained true to his German bride. He was, no doubt, deceived by her cold, formal demeanor, says Mme. de Brady, in the "Encyclopedie des Gens du Monde:" "The early days of the marriage were altogether happy. The Emperor, very much in love with his new wife; the Empress, always reserved, appeared at first to be under the influence of tender feelings. But French manners did not please her, and she soon inspired those near her, as well as the entire nation, with the indifference she herself felt. She was fond of reading, and a good pianist, while her habits were simple and economical; but in conversation her reserve amounted to frigidity, and she seemed to be continually the prey of *ennui*."

Such was the woman who imposed on the conqueror of Europe, said to be one of the

* "Mon cher, épousez une Allemande. Ce sont les meilleures femmes du monde: douces, bonnes, naïves, et fraîches comme des roses."

† "J'ai été occupé en ma vie de deux femmes bien différentes: l'une était l'art et les grâces; l'autre l'innocence et la simple nature." ‡ Le Cabinet Noir p. 267.

best of judges of men.* He evidently mistook constitutional placidity of temperament for the faithfulness with which loving husbands ever endow their wives. Dying in his rocky prison after five years of suffering, Napoleon was spared the additional pang of knowing that the woman he had loved was solely a creation of his own fancy; that, as she herself afterward admitted ("I never had a *sentiment vif* of any kind for him"), her apparent affection in the early period of their union was only a manifestation of good nature and pleased vanity, and that her desire to be near and comfort him in his days of imprisonment and exile was a figment of his brain, in reality as groundless as any of the ambitious dreams in which he had indulged on his return from Elba.

In reality Marie Louise was one of those not uncommon natures that are largely affected for good or evil by circumstances. While she was thoroughly heartless, as her life at Parma proved, her deficiency with respect to that organ might not have prevented her living and dying a model wife and mother, had Napoleon been able to curb his ambition and ended his days on the throne of France. She was unchaste, vain, self-seeking, because circumstances developed that side of her nature, and afforded opportunity for the display of those characteristics. But she was at the same time a person of simple tastes, fond of inexpensive pleasures, and happy—as she was fond of saying—"in her corner." Perhaps no woman ever lived who, born to occupy a position so exalted, was less capable of comprehending the possibilities of the situation in which she found herself placed. When Napoleon was seeking a bride, she had no ambitious dreams as to the figure she might make in the most brilliant court of Europe, should his choice fall upon her. It is true that she had been educated to regard her future husband as the foe of her race, and as the incarnation of the Enemy of Mankind; it is true that the year before her marriage, Napoleon had bombarded Vienna and driven her parents from their capital; but when her fate had been decided, one might reasonably have expected the expression of a feeling of

self-gratulation that she and none other had secured the prize.

But no; she went to Paris as the Martyr of her Family. On her arrival she was evidently surprised to find that the Emperor was really in love with her, and she prepared to make the best of her new situation. Her pink and white charms gained her admirers, which her stiff manners, based on German court etiquette, did not permit her to retain. Lamartine calls her a "beautiful girl from the Tyrol, with features reflecting the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys," and declares that "she was too natural to simulate love when she was filled only with sentiments of obedience, fear, and resignation." This characterization is only of value as proving how far poetic fancy can wander from fact.

The real Marie Louise had a perfect command of that ready resource of shallow natures—tears. She wept abundantly on the slightest provocation. She cried on again meeting her father, and on reading the letters written by the Emperor Joseph the day before his death. She wept freely in 1810 when they tried to prevent her taking from the Tuileries a pet dog that she loved; and she wept still more copiously when he was restored to her arms. She was especially lachrymose on the days when the Emperor took it into his head to write to Joséphine. She never was known to weep so bitterly as when it was at first proposed that Napoleon should be sent to Elba, and she was quite decided to reside there with him; but her resolution was short-lived, and she was easily persuaded that the island would not agree with her health. During those trying days of 1814, during the first hours of separation, her eyes were fountains of tears, and the pearly drops fell frequently at the thought of parting from her son; although subsequently, of her own free will, she made the separation lasting by electing to rule in Parma rather than live obscurely in Vienna.

But if her tears were thus ready to flow, they were as readily checked. The sun would appear before the shower had entirely ceased. If Marie Louise was easily thrown into the depths of despair, she was restored

* She appears to have imposed on others besides Napoleon. Read in the light shed upon her character by her Letters, the following *résumé* of her personality by Lamartine seems like premeditated sarcasm: "Nature sim-

ple, touchante, renfermée en soi-même, muette au dehors, pleine d'échos au dedans, faite pour l'amour domestique dans une destinée obscure."

to equanimity with equal facility. It was a compensation of Nature. On November 15, 1805, the Emperor Francis abruptly dismissed the young girl's governess, her "dear Colloredo," whom she adored. This was her comment on the event in writing to her friend Victoire, the Countess's daughter: "I am displeased to hear that you have been sent away. . . . I know you have a kind heart. . . . Believe me, all that God does is done for our good." When she lost her brother Joseph, she consoled herself by the reflection that if he had lived he would have suffered greatly, that "now he is happy and has met dear mamma in heaven." She adds: "As for us, we are blessed with the best of health, and are taking advantage of the fine weather to enjoy the beautiful walks and forests of Baden."

But all the German princesses of that day were not as frivolous and as heartless as Marie Louise. In contrast with her vacillating weakness, one can not but recall the noble deeds and words of Catherine, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. When misfortune overtook her husband and she was urged to leave him, she replied: "When he was powerful and prosperous, you bound me to him against my will; to-day, when he is in trouble, it would be cowardly in me to desert him."

When Marie Caroline, of Naples, the grandmother of Marie Louise, heard of the trouble that had come upon her granddaughter, she wished her to be as courageous as the Queen of Westphalia. The daughter of the great Maria Theresa, and the sister of Marie Antoinette, she had good reasons for detesting the French Revolution and hating Napoleon, that thief of crowns, who had robbed her among the rest. "I have formerly had good cause to complain of your Emperor," she said to Baron de Méneval; "but to-day I remember only one thing—that he is unhappy." She added that if obstacles were placed in the way of the return of Marie Louise to her husband, the latter should tie the bed-clothing to her window and escape in disguise. But her granddaughter was not thinking of any such escapade. She was learning to play the guitar.

Here we have the full explanation of a character otherwise puzzling. Maria Louise was a born *bourgeoise*, a woman of limited intellect, simple tastes, and amused by

simple pleasures. Circumstances made her at nineteen the wife of the most ambitious man in Europe, but she ascended the throne much as she would have moved into a new house had her husband been a well-to-do merchant or manufacturer. In the mighty turmoil around her, when nations were conquered and kings made and unmade in a day, her mind dwelt solely on the immediate details around her. "The trees," as M. Valbert well puts it, "prevented her seeing the forest."

But, as we have already said, her mind worked well enough within its own limitations. When the *dénouement* came, she was not long in deciding what, from her point of view, would be the wisest course for her to pursue, and she pursued it with a tenacity that astonished friend and foe alike. Never was a career, while so utterly a failure in the true sense, ever worked out under conditions so precisely those dictated by the narrow intellect that prescribed them. At Parma, Marie Louise was ideally happy. After the misfortunes of her early life; after the four years of calm that had been hers as a sharer of the throne of France; after the doubts and fears that assailed her before her destiny was fixed, and when it was undecided whether she was to be a sovereign, however petty, or the mere appanage of an insulted step-mother, she had at last a reward for her troubles that must have more than compensated her for all that had gone before. That she had been faithless to her trust as a ruler of France by acting as a spy for her Austrian relatives; that she had in her treatment of her son displayed a heartlessness almost beyond belief; that she had abandoned her husband and his cause almost without a protest, and turned the cold shoulder on those of his friends that sought to restore him to power—all this troubled her but little. Her ambition was of the pettiest when compared with Napoleon's aspirations, but it was none the less well defined; it was the gratification of Marie Louise! For thirty years she lived to see her dreams realized. What mattered it that Europe had forgotten her, and many thought her dead, when a revolution of her subjects drove the middle-aged woman back to die in Vienna? She could say, "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebt*"—"I have lived and loved." What could she have wished to say more?

THE PIGMY KINGDOM OF A DEBAUCHEE.

BY GEORGE H. FITCH.

OUTSIDE of the opera bouffe of "La Belle Hélène" there has probably been no more absurd effort at monarchy than in the pigmy kingdom of Kalakaua, the monarch of the Hawaiian Islands. Even the *bizarre* imagination of Offenbach never conceived anything half so grotesque as many of the acts of which this Kanaka king has been guilty. The petty duchy over which Prince Otto ruled and which the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson has made so real, was a model of good government compared with the island kingdom that has lately been the scene of so many costly experiments. Indeed, when one reads of the fantastic devices of Kalakaua to ape European royalty, it seems that the Court and all its semi-barbaric trappings belong to some idyl of the South Seas and not to real life.

But the recent revolt, which came so near unseating the King, was a bit of stern reality and showed that the foreigner does not succumb to the influences of this lotus-eating land. Hawaii has been the paradise of adventurers, who have fattened at the expense of the people. It has exhibited every evil in government known to the political economist. It presents one of the darkest pictures of the rapid decay of a beautiful, pleasure-loving race when brought into contact with the worst elements of civilization. It shows some of the ugliest phases of the missionary spirit that kills all spiritual growth with the deadly letter of conventional religion.

For years it was "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;" now the swift-sailing steamer has brought it within easy reach of America, China, and Australia; yet it remains to this day one of the few even of semi-civilized places which is not linked to its fellows by cable or telegraph. Thus during the recent crisis in the Hawaiian Government the curtain was rung down on the roaring farce of a revolution just as the formal demand was made on the King to sign the new Constitution. The steamer left the harbor as the messengers were bearing the ultimatum of the new party to the dusky monarch; yet it was a fortnight before the

world learned the result of this contest between the old order and the new.

Most people know the domain of Kalakaua as the Sandwich Islands, but the Hawaiian is a stickler for the true name of his island kingdom, and in no way can you insult him more deeply than to call his native land after that British Lord of the Admiralty who was the patron of Captain Cook. Since the time when this bold and, it must be said, arrogant navigator met his death at the hands of the Hawaiians, the islands have always been a resort for vessels cruising in the Pacific. First, Honolulu with its noble harbor was the rendezvous for the first fleet of American whalers that ranged over the North Pacific. Then came the sandal-wood traders and others who stopped there to refit or recruit, and finally with the discovery of gold in California began the modern period which has seen so extraordinary material changes in the islands and so deplorable a waste of native life.

The Hawaiian group consists of eight islands in the North Pacific, lying between eighteen and twenty-two degrees from the equator. The islands are nearly midway between San Francisco and Auckland, N. Z. All are of volcanic origin, and all present the same characteristics as the coast of New Zealand—high, frowning cliffs that descend almost perpendicularly to the sea, few good harbors, and a tropical vegetation. Its noble harbor has made Honolulu the only city of any importance in the group. It lies on the south side of Oahu, and from the sea presents a very beautiful appearance. The public and private buildings are constructed in massive style and the noble gardens that surround all the residences give to the place the same air of permanence that forms the marked feature of Montreal and of Victoria, B. C. This is the English stamp that the place will never lose. The native and Chinese dwellings, on the other hand, wear the look of Mexican haciendas.

The Iolani palace is an imposing looking building, surrounded by about three acres of fine park filled with tropical trees and shrub-

bery. On the lower floor at the right of the entrance is the throne room, handsomely frescoed and furnished, and on the other side the royal reception rooms. Above the latter are the King's apartments, and across the hall are the Queen's rooms. These rooms, except the throne chamber, are not used, as the King lives in the bungalow near the palace. Standing guard over Honolulu is the mountain known as the Punch-bowl, an extinct crater. The residence streets in Honolulu bear a strong resemblance to those of the City of Mexico. The houses are low and rambling, with wide verandas frequently latticed about like East Indian bungalows to keep off the heat. The favorite tree is the royal palm, and this, with the graceful fan palm, banana and monkey-pod trees, makes up a wealth of vegetation that gives to the gardens the same appearance of tropical luxuriance that marks the domains of the wealthy merchants of Singapore.

One of the prettiest spots in Honolulu is the State Prison on a coral reef that juts out into the ocean. It was in this prison that ex-Premier Gibson spent the last fortnight that he passed on the islands prior to his hasty departure. Near the prison are the extensive fish-ponds, into which the waters of the ocean are allowed to flow at regular intervals. The catch of fine fish in this way is enormous, and thus these ponds are among the most valuable property on the islands.

The climate of Honolulu is extremely enervating. Throughout the greater part of the year the atmosphere is like that of the main chamber of a Russian bath. Warm rains are frequent, and the sun bursting through the clouds causes clouds of steam to rise from the moist earth and the rank vegetation. Any one who has journeyed through Nicaragua or other Central American States can get a good idea of the Honolulu climate. Even the energetic American is made languid by this heat, while other foreigners adopt the life of the European in the Orient. An hour's ride from Honolulu will bring you into the mountains, where the mercury will fall as you ascend; but the transition from this steamy heat to the sharp cold of the mountain air will be more apt to give rheumatism than to act as a tonic to the relaxed system. On the north side of the islands, where the trade-winds blow nine months in

the year, the climate is delightful and Europeans feel their wonted vigor.

Americans predominate among foreigners, but English and German merchants and planters are numerous. The lack of good labor on the sugar plantations led the government about ten years ago to begin the system of importing Portuguese from Madeira and South Sea Islanders on the contract system. The result has been an unhappy one for the islands, as it has led to the introduction of a class of people nearly as indolent as the natives and far more difficult to control. Within five years, also, there has been a great influx of Chinese, the present number being estimated at twenty-five thousand, or more than half as many as the native Hawaiians. Most of the Chinese have gone into trade and agriculture on their own account, so that the latest scheme to secure laborers is the importation of Japanese. They are found to be docile, but it is feared that they are not of sufficiently robust physique to endure the trying labor in the cane fields. The Chinese have adopted many Hawaiian customs, and a large number have married native women. The race thus produced possesses more energy than the Hawaiian, but the sunny temper and fine physique of the native are lacking.

The rapid extinction of the native population of the islands is one of the marvels of history. When Captain Cook explored the islands, he made a careful estimate of the people, and fixed the number at four hundred thousand. A half-century saw them cut down one-half, while thirty-seven years ago, when the first accurate census was taken, the number was found reduced to eighty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-three. The reduction has been steady and rapid ever since, the census of 1878 showing forty-four thousand and eighty-eight native Hawaiians, and that of 1884 only forty thousand and fourteen natives, while the present estimate is thirty-six thousand. The half-castes, who numbered only seven hundred and fifty in 1850, have increased to four thousand two hundred and eighteen. The Chinese, who were represented by only three hundred coolies thirty-seven years ago, now have nineteen thousand, of whom nine hundred and fifty are women. The last census gave nine thousand three hundred and seventy-seven Portuguese, two thousand and six-



KING KALAKAUA.

ty-six Americans, one thousand two hundred and eighty-two British, one thousand six hundred Germans, one hundred and ninety-two French, and one thousand eight hundred and fifty other foreigners.

The diseases of civilization have swept clean of native Hawaiians whole districts that once boasted a dense population, while drunkenness and other vices have slain their tens of thousands. No systematic effort has been made by the government to check the ravages of disease or to stay the introduction of deadly vices. Leprosy has be-

come more prevalent of late years, and although there is a hospital at Honolulu and a lazaretto on the lonely island of Molokai, the disease increases rapidly. This is owing to the carelessness of the authorities, who do not insist upon the transfer of lepers to Molokai. A rich man, stricken with this awful malady, is allowed to live at home and carry on his business, while the poor are consigned to the living death in the leper settlement. The missionaries did good work in retarding the extinction of the natives, but of late both drunkenness and the opium vice have spread

alarmingly, and the best observers declare that the close of this century will see the end of the once powerful Hawaiian race.

The natives have the virtue of hospitality, good nature, and honesty; but they are incorrigibly indolent, and have no more care for the morrow than the American Indian. Like the Indian, they are fond of games and of all out-door sports. Given an abundant supply of *poi*, a species of flour made from the root of the taro plant, and the Hawaiian is content. He has a good voice and is passionately fond of singing, and shows no small skill in playing on musical instruments. One of the sights that most impresses the visitor to the islands is the spectacle of the wretched lepers at Molokai, sitting under the banana trees in the brilliant moonlight and singing the native songs with their mournful refrain, while earth and sea and sky seem to unite in proclaiming that here is the earthly paradise that the poets have vainly sought; here on rock-bound Molokai, where the shadow of a more awful death than Dante ever dreamed of lies on the heads of the doomed minstrels and makes a mockery of this surpassingly beautiful tropical scene.

The history of such a South Sea dominion as Hawaii has few events that the busy American reader cares to linger over. The

central facts that one does well to remember are these: The people are evidently derived from the Marquesas, or some other Polynesian group, and the settlement of the Hawaiian Islands was due to accident which drove navigators ashore on these isolated spots on the broad Pacific, which stretches away in almost unbroken expanse in all directions. The only period that is of any interest in Hawaiian history is the century that has elapsed since the islands were discovered by English navigators.

The first great King who united all the islands under one government was Kamehameha I. The crown of Hawaii was bequeathed to him jointly with his brother. The attempt of the latter to secure entire control led to a war, in which Kamehameha showed that he was a South Sea Napoleon. He gradually added all the islands to his kingdom, but, partial as he was to Europeans, he never let go his grip on the barbaric faith of his ancestors. His successor, Kamehameha II., deserves a place in history as a reformer, since he boldly broke through the sacred priestly law of taboo, which prevented a man from eating at the same table with his female relatives, and which was mainly instrumental in perpetuating the old barbaric heathen rites and customs.

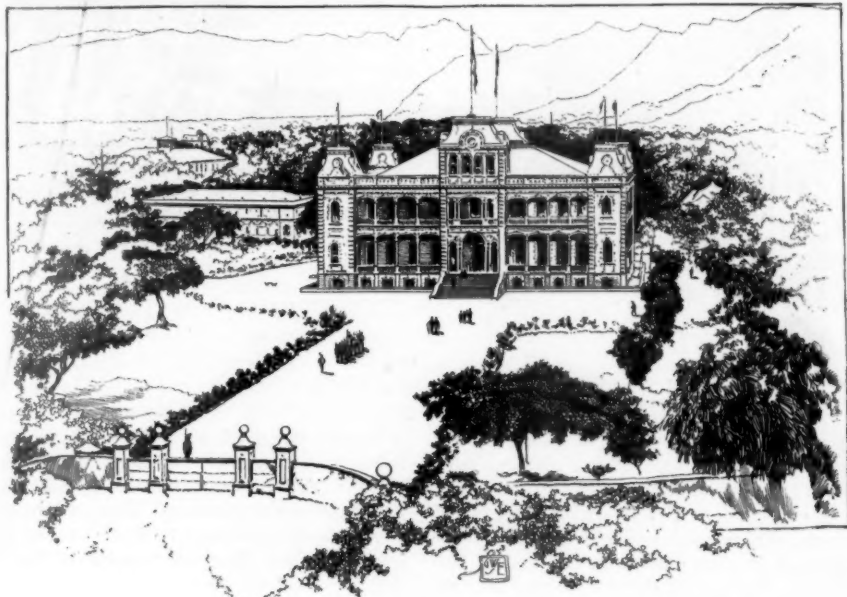
Christian missionaries obtained a foot-



NATIVE GRASS HOUSE IN WAINAEA, KAUAI.

hold on the islands during the reign of the first Kamehameha, but they made no headway until his successor repealed the edict of taboo. Then they rapidly made converts and laid the foundations for the good work that was carried on for so many years. It is easy to criticise the mistakes of the mission-

checked the spread of drunkenness and did much to curb the natural tendency to revert to the licentious dances and the cannibal feasts of the old days. No one who has not been brought into association with the native Hawaiians can form any idea of the difficulty of the task that the missionaries ac-



THE KING'S PALACE, HONOLULU.

aries in the Hawaiian Islands ; it is not difficult to find many instances of greed and cruelty among missionaries, who secured large plantations and have become rich as sugar-growers ; but, on the other hand, one does not go far in reading the history of Hawaii without discovering hundreds of cases of single-minded unselfishness among the early missionaries, who accepted this exile in a lonely land without repining, and who left the impress of their sincerity and moral force upon a hopelessly frivolous and immoral race. It may also be of interest to Americans to know that nine-tenths of those who worked to Christianize the islands were Americans.

Though the missionaries insisted upon a rigid Sabbatarianism that sat as awkwardly on the pleasure-loving native race as the ugly European clothes they wore to the meeting-house, yet these workers certainly

accomplished. How quickly the natives cast off all acquired habits and return to primitive barbarism has been shown within a year, when Kalakaua encouraged the old *hula* dances and even sought counsel of the soothsayers, who predicted that he would drive all foreigners out of the islands. The revival of these mischievous native dances, so unspeakably vile and so demoralizing to the younger generation, went hand in hand with the repeal of the law against the sale of liquors to natives. Drunkenness and vice have thus been given a stimulus which it will require great administrative ability to keep in bounds.

The last of the Kamehamehas died in 1872, leaving no child. The succession lay between Prince Lunalilo, a grandson of the original Kamehameha, and David Kalakaua, the son of a chief of royal blood. Lunalilo



NUUANU AVENUE, HONOLULU.

secured the throne by a popular election, but only lived two years. Then Kalakaua once more appeared, and by a *plébiscite* similar to that of Napoleon III., captured the coveted place. Kalakaua is a good specimen of the effect of foreign culture on the native Hawaiian. Like most of his race he is of fine physique and handsome face, barring the sensual cast of his features. To more than ordinary ability and force of character, he added the benefit of a thorough education.

He showed great fondness for politics and soon became an adroit manipulator of local elections. He was prominent in the legislature before he aspired to the throne, and it was there that he learned the ways that are dark, which he has since followed out in public affairs to the great detriment of the kingdom. Coming in contact with so many foreign adventurers, Kalakaua has become possessed of the idea that every man has his price; hence his reign shows a long series of scandals, due to bribery and corruption. He started in under the constitutional monarchy, which had been established by his predecessors, with a people devoted to him and with the brightest prospects of the growth and advancement of his kingdom. Thirteen years have seen many great improvements on the islands, but they have

witnessed the gradual decay of the King's influence, startling mortality among the natives, and an accumulation of debt that threatens one day to bury King and people as hopelessly as though overwhelmed by the lava flow from the great volcano of Mauna Loa.

Kalakaua, when he was elected, saw plainly that he must conciliate his own race. The popular choice, when he secured the crown, was the dowager Queen Emma, who was a favorite with the people. Most of the egregious blunders made by Kalakaua have been due to this desire to gain favor with his own people, who he knew distrusted him. He found a willing ally in this work in the person of Walter Murray Gibson, the ex-Premier who was recently forced to leave the islands for fear of violence. Gibson at that time edited a newspaper in Honolulu, and the two adopted as their slogan, the attractive cry of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." The missionary party, which had been in power for many years and had guided the course of the last of the Kamehamehas, fell to pieces when Queen Emma died. Then Gibson saw his opportunity and became Prime Minister, a position which he has held at intervals until his recent deposition.

Kalakaua was shrewd enough to see that

the only way in which he could hope for the revenue that his expensive tastes demanded was to cultivate the foreign commercial element. He was thus eager to aid the ambitious plans of Claus Spreckels, the San Francisco sugar refiner, who secured the lease of extensive tracts of crown lands on the island of Maui, built a great irrigating ditch that cost four hundred thousand dollars, and established the finest works for the crushing of cane ever seen on the islands. In this work Spreckels rode over the small planters in the vicinity, tapped their water-supply, and, in fact, enjoyed as absolute control on the island as though he had been king.

It was mainly through Spreckels' influence that the reciprocity treaty with the United States was passed. The keen sugar refiner secured about two million dollars every year in remission of duties on sugar shipped to his mills in San Francisco. In return, American trade with the islands was greatly stimulated; but even without the treaty, it is pretty certain that the trade would have greatly increased, as San Francisco is the best and cheapest market for the Hawaiians. Whatever may be the economic wisdom of the treaty, it has put millions into the pocket of Claus Spreckels. Naturally, he felt grateful to the King and to Gibson, and there is no question that he aided them with money and influence. The King conferred on Spreckels all the decorations in his gift, making of the plain old Hanoverian Sir Claus a royal Kanaka Knight.

Meanwhile Kalakaua was having a royal



QUEEN KAPIOLANI.

good time. The revenues of the kingdom had been swelled so greatly by the influx of trade that he began to devise means for spending this coin. He took a trip to the United States in 1876, and another in 1881 around the world. He built a fine palace in Honolulu which was expected to cost five hundred thousand dollars, but which, with the pickings and stealings on all hands, really cost not less than one million dollars. The King, in this and other improvements, became a great adept in covering the real expenses of his extravagant hobbies. Thus, in building the palace, large amounts were



HAWAIIANS AT TABLE EATING FOL.

credited to the various departments of the government so that they might not swell the cost of the palace. Thus a merchant who had a contract to deliver lime for the palace presented his bill one day. The minister to whom it was handed drew a long face when he saw the amount, and said: "This won't do. Charge the bill to the Department of War;" and the change was made and the money collected, so that this item for lime does not figure in the accounts of the palace expenses.

In spite of all these devices for covering up illicit expenses and commissions, which would make green with envy a peculating Chinese mandarin, there was finally an amount little short of one hundred thousand dollars for which no vouchers could be produced. Hence this palace, only a few rooms of which have ever been occupied, is a monument of financial extravagance worthy of a place by the side of some of Ismail Pasha's architectural works in Cairo.

As the King grows older he seems to become more fond of idle and costly display. In 1883 he set about the celebration of his formal coronation. There was no special need of such a jubilee. No one questioned

his title to the throne. But the Oriental in his nature demanded a magnificent pageant. The celebration had few imposing, but many ludicrous, features. The King, about that time, was suffering from the military craze that he contracted in Germany. What appealed to him most strongly in Europe was old Emperor William's Potsdam Guards, in the uniform designed by the great Frederic. So when he reached Honolulu he set about drilling a squad of the palace hangers-on, and imported for them two dozen uniforms identical with those of the historical guards at Potsdam. The spectacle of these Kanakas arrayed in the full white uniform of a Prussian grenadier was said to be more than any foreigner could endure without laughing.

His next step was to celebrate, last year, the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, on which more than seventy-five thousand dollars was squandered. The King at this time showed a decided tendency to return to the customs that his people had discarded for years. At the coronation and at the birthday ceremonies there were given *heans*, or evening entertainments, the chief feature of which was the old pagan *hulu hula* dances,



NUUANU STREET (LOOKING UP), HONOLULU.

so revolting to decency that no pen would have the hardihood to describe them.

About this time also, the King conceived the idea of a Pacific Ocean empire, a craze that came near undoing him. The *kahunas*, or female soothsayers, had told him that he would become the greatest monarch of the Pacific, and that he would absorb all the other island kingdoms and form a great Polynesian empire. Kalakaua really believed this absurd prophecy, which appealed to all that was Oriental in his composition. Secretary Webb, of the Foreign Department, worked up the scheme, and was commissioned to visit Samoa in order to begin there

advanced for the expenses of the kingdom. He showed Kalakaua that the islands with their present revenue could not pay the interest on a ten-million-dollar loan, and he demanded that if any loan were to be floated he should have the privilege of placing it, and also a guarantee that his own loan to the government should have precedence of payment to any new bonds. The interview is said to have been stormy, as Kalakaua did not relish the plain language of his old associate. He refused to grant Spreckels's demand, and the angry millionaire went home and returned all the King's decorations. He did more than this.



ON THE ROAD TO MAUNA LOA.

the great annexation project, which comprised all the islands save those held by the European powers. Webb did not receive a very friendly welcome to Samoa, and he is still there, presumably engaged in high negotiation with the sovereign of Samoa, a potentate who is notorious for his habit of borrowing small change and cigars from his friends.

In connection with this scheme, Kalakaua formed the pleasing plan of raising a ten-million-dollar loan. When old Claus Spreckels heard of this bit of folly, he sought out Kalakaua and talked plainly to him. Spreckels at one time held the King's note for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars,

He changed from friend to enemy, and those who have had the opportunity to observe closely the revolt that has just ended in the King's surrender and the formation of a new and more liberal constitution, assert that the hand of Spreckels was plainly visible in the agitation that preceded the armed protest against the King's vicious rule. With a portion of the two-million-dollar loan which has just been negotiated, Kalakaua paid the greater part of his debt to Spreckels, but this sop has not had power to cool the wrath of the sugar millionaire.

He thirsts for revenge, and he will probably find it in the overthrow of the sugar industry on the Sandwich Islands. He has

now gone to Europe to study the sugar beet, and he proposes, on his return, to plant several thousand acres to the beet, and to erect in San Francisco the largest factory in this country for making beet sugar. With his energy, his skill, and his great capital he will no doubt make a success of this new industrial venture that promises to revolutionize sugar-making in this country and to put an end to the growing of the cane. To deprive Hawaii of sugar-raising would be to lop off one of its chief sources of revenue.

Upon the top of the scandal growing out of the King's efforts to float a huge loan that

friends are so circumstantial that their truth can not be doubted.

This incident is noteworthy because it formed one of the chief counts in the indictment against the King made at the mass-meeting in Honolulu on June 30th. The most reputable foreign merchants met in public, and after discussing the evils of the government, made certain formal demands on the King. The demands included a revision of the Constitution, stripping the King of the power to appoint judges, to declare war, or to levy any extraordinary taxes. They also insisted upon the rendering of accounts for



HONOLULU PRISON.

would ultimately bankrupt the kingdom, came the uglier scandal of the opium bribery case. At the last session of the Hawaiian Legislature a bill was passed by a majority of one, fixing the license for the sale of opium in the kingdom at thirty thousand dollars a year, the Minister of the Interior having power to select the favored person. A wealthy Chinese merchant of Honolulu, named Aki, desired this license, and through Junius Kaae, one of his palace hangers-on, it is alleged that Kalakaua obtained seventy-five thousand dollars in coin from the Chinese for the privilege of securing the opium license. The license has not yet been granted; neither has the money been returned. The King denies all knowledge of the transaction, but the affidavits made by Aki and his

all expenses, and they placed in the hands of the Legislature much of the old power wielded by the monarch. The signing of this Constitution was a bitter pill for the King, but it was a choice between agreeing to the demands of the foreigners or giving up his throne. As the position of King of the whilom Cannibal Islands is worth about two hundred thousand dollars a year, Kalakaua swallowed the insult to his pride and put his signature to the document. At the coming election it is expected that the Constitution will be ratified and that a thorough clearing out will be made of the rascals who have crept into office by bribery and intrigue.

The Hawaiian kingdom may seem a petty domain, but it produces a very pretty rev-

enue. The sugar crop exported last year amounted to one hundred and fifteen thousand tons, while other domestic products swelled the total value of exports to ten million three hundred and forty thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars. The merchandise imports for the same time amounted to four million eight hundred and seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight dollars. The net income for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1887, was one million two hundred and fifty-five thousand thirty-two dollars and eighty-four cents, and the expenditure for this period amounted to one million eight hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and eighty dollars and eight cents. In other words, Kalakaua and his associates managed during these twelve months to spend six hundred thousand dollars more than the revenues of the kingdom, or fifty thousand dollars a month. Out of this heavy expenditure only seventy-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight dollars was spent on education, and only seventy thousand dollars on roads and bridges, although more than ten times this sum was voted for their necessary improvements. For the King's birthday, fifteen thousand dollars was spent; for running a steam tug, thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-two dollars; for the government war vessel, four thousand and eighty-six dollars; the King's guard, thirty-nine thousand six hundred and seventy-eight dollars; for refurnishing the palace, which has never been occupied by Kalakaua, seven thousand five hundred and twenty-nine dollars.

The civil list of the kingdom amounts to sixty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-one dollars a year. Of this the King gets twenty-five thousand dollars, with ten thousand dollars for palace expenses and eighteen thousand dollars for palace stables; the Queen has eight thousand dollars; Princess Liliokalani, five thousand dollars, and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, two thousand five hundred dollars. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court receives five thousand dollars and the Associate Justices four thousand dollars, while the five ministers draw a yearly salary of six thousand dollars. In addition to his regular revenue the King receives about one hundred thousand dollars from the rent of the

crown lands, which comprise about one-third of the fertile land on the islands. With the perquisites and stealings that are as many as at a Turkish court, Kalakaua handles not less than two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Is it any wonder that the tax-payers revolted when more than a half-million was squandered in excess of the large revenue last year, and yet the most urgently needed improvements in Honolulu and throughout the islands were left undone? The roads and bridges are declared to be in a shocking condition; all the public institutions are grievously run down; nothing has been done that could be put over into to-morrow. A few years more of such criminal waste would have brought the kingdom to the verge of bankruptcy, from which no power could save it.

The recent *émeute* showed Kalakaua his weakness and no doubt taught him a wholesome lesson. He has some sense left, in spite of his long course of dissipation and extravagance. Personally he has many attractive traits, but he is given to drinking and gambling, and he is easily influenced by the boon companions that he forms in his hours of dissipation. He is reported to have lost large amounts over faro and poker, and to be playing heavier every year. Queen Kapiolani has some influence over him, but like most of the Hawaiian women she has small force of character. She differs from most of the King's associates, however, in the fact that she is honest, truthful, and pays her debts.

How long the King will maintain his hold on the throne is a question that it would require a wise prophet to answer. The best judges of affairs on the islands, however, declare that the people do not want a republic and also do not favor annexation to the United States. They desire a King, but the follies, extravagances, and vices of Kalakaua have made him unpopular even among his own race, and an uprising which would drive him from the country is liable to occur at any time. The political situation, in fact, is like the great volcano of Mauna Loa, and no one can tell at what moment an upheaval may take place, burying Kalakaua and his parasites under the lava of popular vengeance.

MR. AND MRS. Inderwick.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

MR. AND MRS. Inderwick were seated at breakfast. They had only been married a year, but had arrived at the melancholy conclusion that their temperaments were incompatible.

This was sad, as both were young, and thus had a long journey before them. They were amiable and very much liked; there was really no reason why they should not be happy. Mr. Inderwick was a successful man, and Mrs. Inderwick enjoyed every comfort; but they had come to the conviction that their union had been a mistake.

This morning the lady and gentleman seemed to have slept badly and breakfast was cold.

"I suppose it might be remedied," said pretty Mrs. Inderwick, indifferently, "if I were to rise at daylight and worry with the servants."

"Hum!" said Mr. Inderwick.

"I might be a little more disposed to take trouble if I were a little better appreciated," said the lady.

"Now I shall hear about the sealskin sacque," said the gentleman, *sotto voce*. "I am not aware that you have any right to find fault with me," he said in a cold tone.

"You really care nothing for me. If you did, you would not allow me to go in my old wrap."

"If you really cared for me, you would not allow me to suffer for want of a good cup of coffee."

"The sacque would cost only two hundred dollars."

"The coffee would be hot if you would pay moderate attention to it."

"You treat me shamefully, sir!"

"You care nothing for my comfort, madam!"

"You really are too bad, sir! I was never made to feel that I was a slave until I married you."

"Well, I was much more comfortable when I was a bachelor, madam!"

"Perhaps you would like to return to that, sir."

"I confess I should, madam, if I am going to live in such discomfort."

"And I should like to be a young girl again, if I am not permitted to dress decently. It is too bad!"

"Unfortunately we are tied for life," said Mr. Inderwick, pushing away his cold coffee.

"It is unfortunate, as you say. Is there no way of remedying it, sir?"

"Remedying it? Do you mean——"

"I merely suggested——"

"Divorce?"

Mrs. Inderwick said nothing. The abrupt turn rather disconcerted her.

"Or perhaps you mean separation?"

"I have heard that wives are sometimes forced to that, sir."

Mr. Inderwick knit his brows, and Mrs. Inderwick did likewise.

"We might think of it," said the lady.

"Very well, madam," said the gentleman.

He then rose, pushed back his chair, went into the hall, put on his hat, and went to his office, slamming the door behind him.

II.

MRS. Inderwick was in her drawing-room soon after this scene when a visitor called, Mrs. Bacon, one of her bosom friends.

"Oh, my dear! Such a scene took place with Mr. Inderwick, this morning," she said.

"A scene?" said Mrs. Bacon, who gushed with sympathy and loved to give advice.

"He was cruel! He cares nothing for me! I mentioned the sacque he promised me, and he flew into a rage."

"You are not in earnest!" exclaimed Mrs. Bacon.

"He did not say I was foolishly extravagant, but I know he thinks so!" sobbed Mrs. Inderwick.

"A sacque extravagant with his income! It is absurd."

"But what am I to do?"

The question was what Mrs. Bacon waited for.

"I would insist upon being decently dressed, or take steps to protect myself, my dear."

"What steps could I take? You surely don't mean apply for a divorce?"

"Not that exactly, my dear; but I would let him understand that I would not endure such treatment."

"How am I to do?"

Mrs. Bacon looked around.

"Are we quite alone, my dear?" she said.

"There is nobody in the house but the maid."

"Then I will advise you what to do."

"I should be so grateful!"

"It is something I have more than once threatened Mr. Bacon with."

"Do tell me!"

"You will not be shocked, I hope."

"I promise you I will not."

"Then listen, my dear."

And Mrs. Bacon, with an air of the deepest secrecy, drew her chair nearer to Mrs. Inderwick, and the friends began a low and confidential consultation.

III.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Inderwick was at his office when his friend Bacon dropped in for a smoke and a talk.

"You seem rather out of sorts, my dear old fellow," said Mr. Bacon.

"I am—domestic bothers."

"Domestic?"

"Mrs. Inderwick—I wouldn't mention it, but we are old chums, and you have occasionally alluded to Mrs. Bacon."

"Yes I have. She's a devil of a woman," said Mr. Bacon, with candor. "We frequently mention the subject of a legal separation, but the thing is awkward considering six children. Now, in your case it would be different, as you are just married, and the affair would be easy."

"Divorce? I don't like that."

"It's the only remedy, my boy. People will talk, of course; but that can't be helped."

"No, I am not ready for that," said Mr. Inderwick, shaking his head.

"There is nothing else if you can't get along with your wife," said Mr. Bacon, philosophically. "I've often told Mrs. Bacon so."

"And what does she say?"

"Hum! Well—she always says she has no objection."

"Why not arrange the affair, then?"

"Hum! The fact is—she's got the money," said Mr. Bacon; "a separate establishment, don't you see? And then the children."

"Fortunately I have none."

"That makes a difference. But what is the trouble?"

"No comfort in anything about the house," said Mr. Inderwick.

"Look here, Inderwick," said Mr. Bacon, "do you know I wouldn't stand that?"

"I suppose Mrs. Bacon looks to your comfort?"

"She!"

"Why not insist on it? I would not stand that."

"Hum! the children—and then—the money. But in your case it is otherwise. If I were you, I would insist on my authority; if it was despised, I would come to an understanding."

"Divorce again?"

"Well, something like it. If you don't like the word, you might find another."

"Another?"

"Separation."

"It is about the same."

"It is very different."

"What do you mean?"

"I could suggest a plan."

"I wouldn't like to hurt Mrs. Inderwick's feelings. What is your idea?"

"Are we alone?"

"Quite so; nobody but my clerk in the next room."

"Then I'll tell you what I would do."

Mr. Bacon thereupon drew his chair nearer to that of Mr. Inderwick's, and began conversing in a low tone, with an eloquence which was emphasized by many "don't you see's?"

IV.

THE city of X— is a favorite stopping-place on the great Northern and Southern route.

One evening two ladies, who had just arrived, were seated in the parlor of the chief hotel. One, the elder, was laughing; the younger was nearly crying.

"Well, my dear," said the elder, "so far, so good. Nothing could have been done better. You will give Mr. Inderwick a lesson. You steal away, leaving a pathetic note telling him that it will be useless to follow you;

and I steal away from Bacon—ha! ha!—without giving him notice, leaving him to look after the children until I am back!"

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Inderwick, "but I am not as strong-minded as you are!"

There the voice of the younger lady faltered, and tears ran down the pretty cheeks.

"Have more courage, my dear! Mr. Inderwick will be in despair, and will never rest until he finds where you are."

"I wish he would!" (sob)

"Why did you spoil matters by telling the clerk your name?"

"Oh, I *couldn't* take another name, and I thought you would not object."

Mrs. Bacon tossed her head. "So you informed that horrid creature with his hair parted in the middle that we were Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Inderwick, and our husbands would follow on the next train?"

"Yes, I wish they would!" Mrs. Inderwick sobbed, busily crocheting something.

"What is that?" said Mrs. Bacon, coldly.

"It is a scarf I was crocheting—for—for—Mr. Inderwick."

Mrs. Bacon straightened her person until her chin followed an upward angle. "You never will be strong-minded!" she said with emphasis.

"I am afraid I never will."

"You are crocheting a scarf for *him*! I never did for Bacon. And he refused you your sealskin!"

"Perhaps he couldn't afford it."

"Your rooms are ready, ladies."

It was the stewardess or steward-lady who showed them to their chambers; the gentleman at the "office" with the diamond stud having assigned two to them.

V.

THERE was a train an hour later than the one that had brought the ladies. It contained two gentlemen muffled up to avoid recognition.

"Bacon," said one of the gentlemen, "this thing is beastly."

"Beastly, my boy? You never did a wiser thing in your life."

"Or a more foolish one."

"Look here, Mr. Inderwick," said Mr. Bacon, "you are getting weak-kneed. Stiffen up. Everything is going right. You will give Mrs. Inderwick a lesson. You got away without anything like a scene, as I told

a lie for you to Mrs. Inderwick—that you would be detained at your office until ten at night."

"I wish I was there now."

"Oh, bother! Look at *me*! I lied to Mrs. Bacon also, and she's behind yonder looking after the six children. Ha! ha! I have often told her I would abandon her. I'm a man of my word, Inderwick, and don't you forget it."

"Well, here we are. I am sorry to stop for the night. There is a cab. Take us to the best hotel."

"Yes, sir," the cabman responded.

"But first to the largest establishment for ladies' outfits," said Inderwick.

"What is that for?" asked Mr. Bacon, as they got into the cab.

"I want to look at some sealskin sacques, and send one off by express."

"Weakening!" muttered Mr. Bacon.

Mr. Inderwick purchased a very beautiful sealskin sacque and directed it to be sent to his hotel, whither he and his friend proceeded.

"Inderwick," said Mr. Bacon, as they entered the hotel, "you are not the man I took you for."

"Well, I never set up for anything of a high order like you, Bacon."

Mr. Inderwick was a little sarcastic, and Mr. Bacon was evidently displeased.

"I may not amount to much," he said, "but I am not under a woman's thumb."

"Do you refer to myself and Mrs. Inderwick?"

"Humph!"

"For if you do——"

"Look here, Inderwick, old fellow; straighten up and look at *me*! I don't worry my mind, my boy. I don't care *that* for Mrs. Bacon." Here Mr. Bacon snapped his finger gleefully. "She can't rule *me*!"

"Rooms!" said Mr. Inderwick to the clerk; "names, Inderwick and Bacon. You can register them."

"Ready," said the superior being, looking with hauteur at the common mortal who had presumed to address him in so unconcerned a manner, "twenty-seven and twenty-eight."

"One will answer," said Mr. Bacon, with deep respect.

But the superior being did not melt. He indicated Mr. Bacon with his finger as an ob-

ject of interest to a porter, and turned his back upon him.

As they were going up the staircase, another porter followed with the sealskin sacque, which had just arrived. Mr. Bacon gazed at it contemptuously.

"Are you really going to send that thing?" he said.

"Yes."

"Weakening!" repeated Mr. Bacon with much the air of the superior being. "Hello! what are you doing, Inderwick?"

Mr. Inderwick had cut the wrapping around the sacque and drawn it out.

"I have a fancy to look at the thing to see if it is fine enough; it was only five hundred dollars," he said.

"Only! Inderwick, you are mashed on Mrs. Inderwick!"

"I suppose *you* are not on Mrs. Bacon?"

"I—mashed on Mrs. Bacon? It's quite the other way, Inderwick! Mrs. Bacon is mashed on *me*. Nothing would ever make her do what I am doing. No, sir! I am the master in my own house, and Mrs. Bacon knows her place!"

"Well, that's a lucky thing. What do you think of this affair?" He held up the beautiful sacque for a moment under the electric light.

"Ha! ha! And you are going to express it?"

"To-night."

"Inderwick, you are henpecked! Look at *me*; do you see anything about *me* that looks henpecked?"

"Twenty-seven and twenty-eight, gentlemen," said the porter, opening the door of twenty-seven.

"Henpecked!" said Inderwick, as he threw the sacque over his arm and entered. "Well, Bacon, I believe you *are* henpecked, and, confidentially, I should be glad to be myself."

A scream curdled the blood of Bacon and Inderwick, and almost the porter. Two ladies started up from the sofa where they had been seated.

"Annie!"

"Charles!"

"Mrs. Bacon!"

"Bacon!"

As two of the party rushed into each other's arms—not Mr. and Mrs. Bacon—a

crocheted scarf and a sealskin sacque were thrown around the shoulders of the people embracing.

Then followed an awful silence, when Mrs. Bacon took the word.

"Bacon," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Bacon.

Mrs. Bacon slowly raised her finger and pointed to him. Bacon shrank back.

"Go and buy tickets for this whole party to return in the morning train."

"Yes, my dear."

"Then come back to the room next to this. I have something to say to you."

Mr. Bacon shivered and retired, and Mrs. Bacon sailed haughtily, without a word, into the adjoining apartment.

"I'll never do so any more, dear!"

"And I promise you I won't!"

This was the dialogue overheard as Mrs. Bacon slammed the door.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Inderwick was conversing with Mr. Bacon.

"A rather queer affair, my dear fellow," said Mr. Inderwick, who had lit a mild cigar and was in an excellent humor.

"Queer?" said Mr. Bacon with a tragic air; "it's awful!"

"Be a man and stiffen up, Bacon! You're not the person I took you for. You are weakening, my dear Bacon. Have a drink." Mr. Bacon groaned.

"The odor of spirits is disagreeable to Mrs. Bacon."

"Well, a cigar then?"

"Mrs. Bacon could never bear the smell of tobacco."

"Oh, hang it! Well, lend me fifty or so. That sacque took all my funds."

"I would with pleasure, my dear Inderwick; but—but Mrs. Bacon——"

"Not Mrs. Bacon again!"

"She has just—borrowed—my last dollar!"

Mr. Inderwick laughed heartily.

"My dear Bacon," he said, "do you know my opinion of you? I regard you as the victim of—Mrs. Bacon!"

And a week afterward, when Mr. and Mrs. Inderwick were conversing:

"Sweetest," said Mr. Inderwick, sitting very close to the lady, "if you'll cut the acquaintance of Mrs. Bacon, I'll drop Bacon."

A BUCKBOARD TRIP AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.

SEVERAL years ago, and for aught I know even now, notwithstanding the Interstate Commerce Law, trains on the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads rarely made trips to California without including in their list of passengers a number of "dead-heads." The noble red man delights in free rides; but he has to exhibit neither pass nor ticket: wrapped in a blanket in winter, and a sheet in summer, he sits, silent and morose, on the steps of the baggage-cars, apparently utterly indifferent to the curious gaze of "tender-foot" tourists from the East. After riding twenty or thirty miles, these peculiar passengers alight and take the next train back to their camps and tepees. They ride thus, backward and forward, for the mere love of locomotion.

Glimpses of Indians obtained in this way on several trips to the West aroused my interest, and led me to determine to see more of their wild, strange life. I found myself one morning in a rude Texan town a few miles from the border of Indian Territory. A man in Fort Worth had sold me a ticket "good for one ride in the stage to Fort Reno." When I reached that Texan town where the stage ride was to begin, I naturally bestirred myself to find the stage and prepare for the trip. A one-eyed man with long hair and a sour look was lounging on the platform in front of the board shanty called a hotel; near him stood two scrubby horses hitched to a vehicle consisting of a pair of wheels connected by two long boards with a seat in the middle about three feet wide.

"At what hour does the stage arrive?" I asked politely.

The long-haired man ejected a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth as he answered:

"It is already arriv."

"Where is it?"

He gave me a look of deep disgust.

"Young man, the stage is arriv, but she won't *stay* arriv. She's a goin' to vamoose this ranch poorly quick. If you want ter git to Reno, you'd better hump. You hear me talk, don't yer?"

Mounting the rickety concern above de-

scribed, he shouted "All *a-board*," and I awoke to the fact that *that* was the stage, and the one-eyed, long-haired man was the driver.

The agent who sells the tickets speaks of the "stage" with an air that leads one to think of the coaches that the elder Weller drove and in which the famous Pickwick Club rode. The agent, however, is the only man who uses or understands the term. The vehicles are called by their drivers, and by the public generally, "buckboard barouches," a euphonious title, but there praise must end. My memory does not recall a more fatiguing experience than that ride through the Indian country, sitting bolt upright night and day on the hard seat of the hard, jolting buckboard barouche. The first twenty miles was pleasant enough.

The fields were only slightly undulating; the road was smooth; we seemed floating in a sea of grass. Then we crossed Red River, the roads became rough, the hard buckboard seat grew harder and harder, and I inwardly wished I had never seen an Indian or heard of the Indian country. For half a day the buckboard jogged along in a narrow lane between two wire fences that cost thirty thousand dollars. When the end of this long lane was reached, we emerged into the open prairie, and for hours seemed scarcely to move. We were in the center of a vast yellow circle. As far as the eye could reach was a sea of yellow, waving grass.

The long-haired driver lighted his pipe and threw the match on the ground. The dry grass ignited. In a few minutes there was a roaring fire behind us. The wind blew in our faces and so drove the fire further and further away. I looked back after several hours, and could still see flames and columns of smoke rising in the distance. Fires begun in this accidental way sometimes burn for weeks, spreading over thousands of acres of prairie.

The buckboard drivers rarely see strangers, yet seem as little inclined to converse as though surfeited with small-talk every day. When we reached the first dug-out, where the horses were changed, a man with hair

even longer than my driver's emerged from a hole in the ground and began unhitching the two scrubby ponies.

"Howdy do, Bill?" said my driver.

"Howdy do?" replied Bill.

There the conversation ended. The change of horses was made, the driver cracked his whip, Bill looked after us a minute, then retreated into his dug-out, and we were alone again in the yellow sea of grass.

The dug-out, in which the hostlers of these Western buckboard lines live, is a peculiar and primitive dwelling made by digging a hole in the ground, laying logs across this hole, and heaping on top of the logs to a depth of three or four feet the earth excavated from beneath. The door consists of a canvas flap. You lift this flap, duck your head until you are not more than four feet tall, and enter the hostler's home. At one end is a log bedstead with a mattress of straw. A hole in the center of the dirt floor serves as stove and fire-place; a stool and rough board table complete the furnishings.

The hostler at the second change, a gray-bearded man whom my driver called "Uncle Jeff," had for years been living thus in a hole in the ground, on a diet of bacon and bread, with no society save that of his horses. These rude men of the West burrow under ground to escape snow and cold. In Lapland and extreme northern Sweden peasants and fishermen, to escape the same thing, resort to an exactly opposite plan. They build what is called an "njalla"—a small hut—on three poles, often only on one. The poles are planted firmly in the ground, leaving the njalla ten or twelve feet in the air, accessible only by means of a ladder. In this peculiar hut the Swedish peasant keeps a store of dried fish, oil and bread, and thither he resorts during storms or when the snow is deep. A village of njallas is as odd a sight as a village of prairie dug-outs.

Near Fort Sill, in the Kiowa and Comanche reservation, we crossed Medicine Creek at the foot of the famous Medicine Bluff. This granite bluff, towering almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet above the waters of the creek, once stopped the Comanches in their flight from an overwhelming foe. They had either to scale that perpendicular cliff or lose their scalps. The latter was not a pleasant alternative, so the medicine man of the tribe was called to the rescue. He conjured a path

up the steep bluff, the Comanches climbed to the top, and in perfect safety, mocked and jeered at their foe when he appeared on the scene, unable to find the path conjured by the Comanche medicine man, and with none among his own ranks sufficiently skilled to conjure another path. Ever since that day the creek has been called Medicine Creek, and the great bluff has been used as a place for the big medicine men of the tribe to meet and conjure good medicine.

Fort Reno, in the western part of the Indian country, is surrounded by seven thousand as wild, uncivilized beings as inhabit the globe. Their savage faces are made more savage by the use of brilliant-colored paints; their bodies are also streaked with bright colors. They dress in blankets, or sheets, or sometimes do not dress at all. One day, when riding along the Canadian River, I came across a squad of men and women absolutely in a state of nature, as far as clothing was concerned. The women were scraping the bones of a dead beef, the men lay sprawling on the grass awaiting their turn in a sweat-bath built near by. This bath consists of a small tent not above three feet high, partially filled with hot stones. The Indian crouches in the tent, cold water is dashed on the hot stones, and the steam and vapor that arises forms the Indian sweat-bath. The sweating in the tent is followed by a plunge in the cold water of the river near by.

Ration day at Fort Reno presents an exciting scene. There are three hundred and seventy-eight families of Arapahoes, containing five hundred and sixty men, five hundred and sixty-three women, and eleven hundred and seventy-nine children, or a total of twenty-four hundred persons. Of Cheyennes there are seven hundred and thirty-eight families, containing nine hundred and thirteen men, ten hundred and sixty-one women, and twenty-three hundred and thirteen children—a total of forty-two hundred and eighty-seven Cheyenne men, women, and children. These six thousand six hundred and eighty-seven Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians are all fed and clothed by the Government, each family of six receiving per week six and a half pounds of coffee, two and a quarter pounds of sugar, and eight pounds of flour, in addition to beef. The Government commissary building is within a stone's throw of the Canadian Riv-

er. Thither every Monday morning the hungry Indians crowd for their weekly supply of food. Each band of forty-five elects a representative, who is given a ticket numbered from one to fourteen. This representative presents his ticket every Monday morning, the supply agent punches one of the numbers and gives the bearer his coffee, sugar, and flour, and an order for one beef. At the end of the quarter, when the fourteen numbers are all punched, another ticket is issued.

Let us follow the chief after he has had his ticket punched and received an order for a beef. His eyes glitter, his nostrils expand, his painted face looks more horrible than ever. The other men of the band leap on their horses. They ride to the stock pen; the agent takes the order and turns over to the chief a bull or an ox. The poor brute leaves the pen dazed—confused; in a moment confusion gives way to wild terror. The Indian bucks, horrible in their brilliant paints, give vent to a series of unearthly yells, and begin a chase that often lasts for hours. They goad the bull with spears, run it hither and thither, shouting and yelling the mean while as though they were mad.

At length, tired of this savage sport, one of the band fires his rifle and puts an end to the poor beast's misery. The bull no sooner falls than the braves surround him, whip out their knives, cut his throat and drink the warm blood, and eat the warm raw flesh. They like the hot blood and flesh, and it is to secure this, as much as for the excitement, that they indulge in this wild chase every ration day at the Reno Agency. When their gluttonous appetite is satisfied, the squaws take the remains of the carcass and busy themselves picking clean the bones, while the bucks sleep off the effect of their orgy. For two or three days they gormandise; the rest of the week, until ration day comes again, they half starve. Such is the result of the Government's method of caring for its wards.

Of the thirty-four hundred and ninety children in the Arapahoe and Cheyenne reservation, two hundred and thirty are being educated by the Government in a school near Fort Reno. A little learning must go a long way if this is to do any good. The children learn their A B C's five days in the week; on the other two days they go back

to their fathers and mothers, see the wild dances, eat raw meat, and quietly unlearn all the teachers have taught them. I attended one night a pow-wow of smokers. The braves squatted in a circle within the tepee smoking a long pipe. One took a whiff, then passed the pipe to his neighbor, who took a whiff and passed it on to *his* neighbor, and so on. Not a word was spoken. All sat silent, still, grave as wooden images. The pipe finally came to that part of the circle where I, with my scout, was sitting. I hesitated about putting the filthy stem to my lips, when, to my surprise, the Indian at my right whispered in my ear in excellent English:

"You had better smoke; it won't be safe for you if you don't."

This man, I afterward learned, was educated in Syracuse, N. Y. He had learned to read and write, and even to play the piano; but scarcely had he returned to the reservation when he threw aside the thin veneering of civilization he had acquired, and relapsed into his former state of barbarism.

When in Russia two years ago I found few who would confess a knowledge of the German language. This was easily comprehended, for the Russian Government was at that time sending its German citizens across the frontier, manacled and on foot. Why, though, do those Indians who have learned a little English wish to conceal the fact? No punishment is meted an English-speaking Indian; yet he generally conceals his knowledge, as if it were a disgrace or crime.

The Comanches and Arapahoes use to a great extent a language of signs. I saw one day two tall figures enveloped from head to foot in sheets. Only the tips of their noses and their gleaming eyes were visible. They stood like posts; but presently I saw a slight motion about the middle of the sheets. Looking closer, it became apparent that they were talking with each other on their fingers. They often stand thus—grim, silent, mysterious—for hours at a time.

An Indian tepee, or wigwam, is made by bunching a dozen or so long poles together at one end, and spreading out the other ends and sticking them in the ground. Canvas or skins are stretched over this frame-work; that is the red man's home, with one merit, if no other—portability. The Arapahoe or

Comanche has only to shut his house together like an umbrella, tie one end of the bunch of poles to his pony's neck, and he is ready to travel. A whole village may sometimes be seen in course of locomotion, one hundred horses dragging as many tepees. When a suitable location is found, the rapidity with which the Indian village springs up would put to blush even the mushroom towns of real estate speculators. In a couple of hours the tepees are erected, the fires built, and the business of life begun as if the town were as old as Rome.

The night of my arrival at the Fort was bright and clear. The garrison was strong; the Indians were held well in check. I was not troubled with fears for personal safety. A noise of voices and drums floated through the still night air from the tepees several miles away. Mr. Curtis, one of the Fort scouts, saddled a couple of horses, and after supper we galloped across the level prairie in the moonlight to attend an Arapahoe dance.

On reaching the village we singled out the tepee whence issued the noise of drums and voices, and crawling through the door—a hole in the canvas about three feet high—found ourselves among thirty or forty painted bucks and squaws. The squaws were huddled on the ground in one corner of the tepee; in the opposite corner crouched the painted braves. An old drum was on the ground in the center of the tepee; around it squatted six men lustily beating the drum, and at the same time bawling at the top of their powerful lungs. No notice was taken of our entrance. We quietly placed ourselves in the braves' corner.

Presently a squaw arose, and with a kind of reeling motion advanced toward us. She glanced a moment at a row of bucks, then tapped one on the head; he arose and stood in silence. The squaw scanned again the faces before her. She seemed about to tap me on the head, but hesitated, and finally bestowed her favor upon Mr. Curtis. He arose to his feet; the squaw placed herself between her two partners, her face looking in the opposite direction from which they looked; then putting her arm around the two men's necks, all three began springing up and down, howling in concert with the howls of the men beating the drum.

Other squaws came forward, selected part-

ners, and joined in the strange dance. I congratulated myself on being a wall-flower; but my self-gratulations were premature, for when the row of braves was pretty well thinned out, a kind-hearted maid took pity on my loneliness and tapped me on the head. Her other partner was a villainous-looking Indian, who could doubtless have run all day without tiring. Certainly the springy motion, which was excessively fatiguing to me, did not seem to please him. Moka Wolf-track (that was the name of my squaw partner) was unsparing in the looks of contempt she bestowed on the tender-foot pale-face from the East. Perhaps a blunder made in the very outset helped to forfeit her good opinion of me. From sheer force of habit, when I arose to dance, I put my arm under her shawl, around her waist; there was naught there but the bare and yielding flesh. Moka removed the arm with a jerk and an indignant glance that is hard to forget. She looked for the moment as if she would have liked to perforate my body with splinters, and then set them on fire and watch me slowly sizzle.

At the conclusion of the dance, after springing up and down until completely exhausted, my partner did a singular thing; she turned and gave me a kiss square on the mouth! I submitted with what seemed to me a very good grace indeed, but Moka nevertheless gave me another savage look, abruptly removed her arm from round my neck and retreated to her corner, apparently disgusted as well as offended. My offense, as I subsequently learned, lay in not transmitting from my mouth to hers, when she kissed me, some bead or other trinket, as is customary. Mr. Curtis, who was acquainted with the custom, transferred to his partner, by kiss, a bright blue bead, and so came out of the dance with as much *éclat* as though he were a real Indian instead of a mere Indian scout.

A far wilder and stranger ceremony in vogue among these Indians is called the sundance. In this the bucks pierce the fleshy parts of their breasts and backs, run long leather thongs through the holes thus made, and suspend themselves to the top of the tepee, where they hang until their weight and struggles break the thongs through the flesh and they fall to the ground faint and bleeding. If the dance be on the open plain, ox

and buffalo skulls are tied to the leather thongs, and the brave jumps about until the heavy weight tears the thong loose. Many lose their lives, and even the strong require a number of weeks to recover from the ugly wounds and gashes.

In the medicine dance a charm is suspended from the top of a tepee. The braves form a circle, fix their eyes intently on the charm, and blow whistles or howl. The length of time that this is continued is almost incredible. I had patience to watch the barbarous ceremonies only an hour, and so can not speak from personal knowledge; but there are good authorities who declare that some of the strongest braves have been known to whistle and dance around the medicine charm three, four, and even five consecutive nights and days! No one ever quits until forced to by dropping to the ground from sheer exhaustion. This, even with poor dancers, rarely happens under two or three days. During that time all seem possessed with the vigor of devils. Their powerful lungs give forth hideous howls; their muscular bodies writhe and drip with perspiration; their bloodshot eyes remain fixed on the charm that is tied in the little rag hung from the top of the tepee.

Returning one night from this savage sight, we passed a solitary tepee set out on the plains, apart from its fellows. Hearing a strange noise, we dismounted from our horses, lifted the door flap and beheld a brawny Comanche sitting stark naked on the ground, vigorously beating a tin can and howling with all his might. Near him, wrapped in a blanket, lay a squaw, a sick woman. This was the Indian hospital, and that naked Comanche was the medicine man attempting to exorcise, or drive away, the spirit of disease by his hideous noise and

howls. Such methods, of course, rather invited than repelled disease; as she was already ill, the medicine man was too much for her. A few days later I witnessed the poor creature's funeral. She was buried in the boughs of a tree about seven miles from the fort. Her few possessions—pots, kettles, beads, etc.—were spread on the ground under the body. There was no mourning at the time of the funeral, but several years hence, when the dry winds have left only a skeleton loosely wrapped in its winding-sheet, the friends of the deceased will assemble and give vent to their long pent-up grief. Such is Arapahoe custom. On the morning the squaw was consigned to her last resting-place, in the top of the tree, a bevy of mourners were wailing under the body of the chief Stone Calf, then dead upward of seven years.

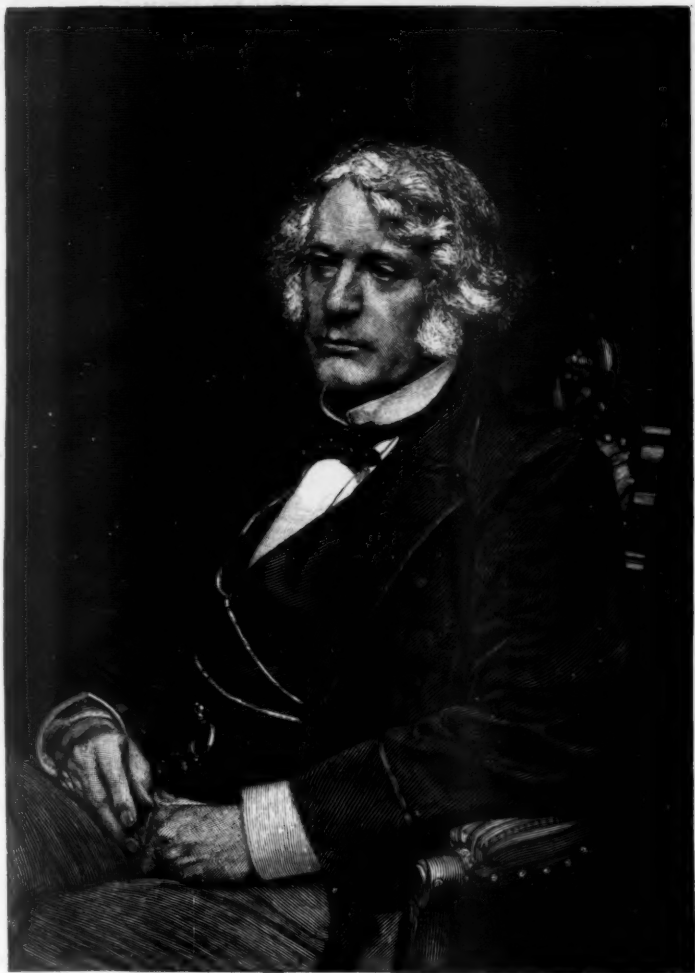
Railroads are piercing the Territory, white settlers are pushing in, and doubtless a few years will find flourishing towns where I, on my buckboard trip, saw only villages of tepees and savage Indians. When that time arrives, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes will become either civilized or exterminated. It appears impossible to civilize them as long as they are permitted to herd together in large numbers. One of the white attachés of the Reno Agency, who married a bright and comely squaw, had her educated in the East. She learned much of the refinement of civilization, then returned to the Fort, where scarcely a year elapsed before she deserted her husband and took up with an Indian brave in a tepee. The savage surroundings to which pupils return counteract the little grain of civilization taught in the Government schools, and leave those who have looked into the Indian question to think the money spent in their support almost, if not entirely, thrown away.

SHAKESPEARE BACON'S CIPHER.

A HINT TO SCIENTISTS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I DOUBT it not; then more, immeasurably more,
In each old song bequeathed, in every noble page or text,
(Different, something unreck'd before, some unsuspected author,)
In every object—mountain, tree, and star—in every birth and life,
As part of each, finality of each, meaning, behind the ostent,
The mystic cipher waits infolded.



CHARLES SUMNER.

From a Photograph by Warren, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES SUMNER.—III.

RECOLLECTIONS BY ARNOLD BURGESS JOHNSON.

IN 1873 an act was passed by Congress giving to each member of the two Houses a certain amount of back pay. Immediately on its passage an uproar was raised through the country, which resulted in turning public opinion against this measure. It was denounced as robbery, and demand was

made that Congressmen should not accept it. Those who drew their money were denounced as thieves and robbers. Such was the clamor that numbers of good men, who acted in accordance with their judgment, lost their elections.

Sumner had never doubted the legality of

the measure or the propriety of taking what the law gave him. In fact, he consulted friends as to whether he should use these additional funds to set up the carriage that he so much needed, owing to his inability to walk with comfort, or whether he should add a picture-gallery to his house. He was trying to decide this when the full force of public outcry made it apparent to him that

he could not retain the good opinion of those whose good will he valued and take the money. He was quite restive under this, and consulted friends here and there, only to be convinced in the end that he must bow to the storm; even then, he sought a middle course, as will be seen from the following extract from one of his letters:

Washington,
April '73
My dear Johnson,

Enclosed is a
check for \$120.

I thank you much. May
you be prosperous & happy!

Ever sincerely yours,
Charles Sumner

Is there any man. charging
you would acknowledge for
my back-pay. I have thought
of the Col. & our colored
troops. But how much it would
able to them

But the answers he received convinced him that the only course that would satisfy public opinion was to draw his money and then deposit it to the credit of the United States. This he did with much grumbling, and with an amusing deference to what he styled King

practitioner in that court. The circumstances attending this were somewhat peculiar. Mr. Rock, a colored Boston lawyer, applied to Sumner to move his admission to the Supreme Court. The Senator wanted to do this in a way that would be as little os-



Charles Sumner

Clamor, declaring that he was robbed as effectually as when his pocket was picked on the Baltimore & Philadelphia Railroad.

It was largely owing to Sumner's efforts that it became possible for a colored man to obtain the right to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and to him belongs the honor of being the first one to move for the admission of a colored man as a

tentative as possible. He did not wish that there should be anything to distinguish Rock's admission from that of any other lawyer; but it so happened that there were to be no other motions of like character that day; so he cast about to find some one who could go upon the rolls of the Court at the same time. No eligible person appeared to be within reach; and he was about to let the

matter go over for a day when it occurred to him that the clerk of his own committee, though entitled to admission, had never claimed his right. Never for a moment doubting that his clerk was of the same opinion as himself, the Senator informed him of what was to be done, and taking silence for consent, moved the admission of the two in the same breath, and they were both sworn in before any one outside of a select few even knew that the admission of a colored man to practice in the United States Supreme Court was contemplated.

During the second Grant campaign one of his clerks went South for a season. While there he remembered Sumner's intention to write a circular letter to the colored people recommending them to vote for Greeley and against the Republican candidate at the coming presidential election. Feeling deeply on this subject, he wrote Sumner, urging him in the strongest terms to abandon that project, using many arguments and making the appeal strongly personal. Indeed, its tone was such that he felt after the letter had been mailed that it was such as a man of his age and position should not have addressed to a senator.

On his return to Washington, supposing that his letter would sever their personal relations, he waited upon the Senator to take his leave and formally resign his position. On entering Sumner's study he found the Senator in earnest conversation. He was warmly welcomed, hurriedly set to work on something needing immediate attention, without being allowed an opportunity to say a word of the matter on his mind. The visitors did not leave until it was full time for the Senator to dress for dinner, and as he was passing from his desk to his dressing-room he handed his clerk the letter in question, saying:

"You had better keep this. I shall never allow your views of my political policy to interfere with our personal relations. Don't you!"

About the time of the firing on Sumter, a naval officer, a South Carolinian by birth and education, but who had a warm æsthetic friendship for Sumner, came to him one day in great embarrassment.

"What shall I do," he asked, "if my ship is ordered to the South to coerce my own people?"

"Read your commission, sir," was the answer.

"But, suppose my ship is ordered to Charleston?"

"Read your commission, sir."

"But suppose she ranges her broadsides against the city of my birth?"

"Read your commission, sir," was again the answer.

"But, Senator, what if I am ordered to fire on my father's plantation?"

"Read your commission, sir," again thundered the Senator.

This officer, who is still living, did not leave his flag, but was never placed in the terrible embarrassment he pictured for himself.

Somewhere about 1849 or '50, a light mulatto slave named Seth Botts ran away, and in due time reached Boston. Being clever and industrious, he established himself in a good business as a barber, and in the course of several years laid up about six hundred dollars. When the Burns case occurred, it so frightened him that he bought himself of his owner, who lived in Prince William's County, Virginia, about thirty miles from Washington, paying for his free-



MONUMENT IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON.

dom the entire sum of his savings. He had, however, left behind him his wife and children, and now longed to have them with him. As he could not himself, within any reasonable time, earn the sum required to purchase them, he appealed to one of his customers, John A. Andrew, afterward the great war Governor of Massachusetts, and so interested him that he entered into a correspondence with Judge Christopher Neale, of Alexandria (who represented the estate that these people belonged to), that lasted, owing to the fact that the title to them was in litigation, two years. Finally, in view of the cloud on the title and the fact that the family was to be freed, the Judge agreed "to close out the lot" for eight hundred dollars, although their appraised value was two thousand eight hundred dollars, and the first-named sum Mr. Andrews raised among his personal friends.

Meantime Mr. Andrew had appealed to Sumner, who, acting as Andrews' agent, had several personal conferences with Judge Neale, and when a decision was reached the Senator paid the Judge the sum agreed on, and the slaves were duly conveyed to him by bill of sale, when they were taken to Washington and placed in proper quarters, pending a good opportunity to send them North. And now their protection consisted in the fact that they were the property of Senator Sumner. They were all good-looking and light-colored. One little girl, Mary, was so white that it was quite difficult to detect in her the presence of negro blood. Mr. Sumner sent several copies of her daguerreotype to his Eastern friends, and in one letter he spoke of her as "a second Ida May." This letter was to a personal friend, but it found its way into print and caused much sensation in Massachusetts. The pictures were circulated through the Legislature, and those who had been instrumental in procuring the freedom of the family received all due credit at the hands of the public.

Botts now determined to obtain the freedom of his own sisters and brothers, and also the freedom of the brothers and sisters of his wife as well. The anti-slavery people became so interested in the manumitted family that it was thought best to show them publicly to the good people of Boston, and hence they were given seats on the platform in Faneuil Hall on the occasion

of Sumner's lecture there in March, 1855. The result was, that eventually the Senator was requested to purchase the uncles and aunts of the Botts children and draw on Boston for the amount needed, whatever it might be. This he did after much negotiation, it being known in each case, however, that his object in buying these people was to give them their freedom and send them North.

While these negotiations were pending, Mr. Sumner tried to keep the matter as quiet as possible in Washington, for obvious reasons; but it got into the papers, and excited some comment. The following is an extract from an editorial that appeared in a Washington paper of March 8, 1855, which will show something of the view taken of the matter by the Southern press:

"We have always regarded Mr. Sumner and his friends as disunionists, but we are glad to find that they manifest some sincerity in their actions in regard to 'the poor slave.' In this matter the owner of the slaves met the Abolitionist more than half way. If they had expended the money the Burns riot cost them in this manner, they might have given freedom to at least one hundred slaves. The Bostonians have set their brother fanatics a good example in this instance."

With all Sumner's hatred for slavery, he had no hatred for slaveholders. He hated the sin, not the sinners. His relations with some of opposing politics, who shared his tastes and love for literature, were quite pleasant. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, prior to the assault his nephew made on Sumner, frequently asked the Senator to verify his Latin quotations. Vice-President Breckinridge, of Kentucky, while a member of the House, took every opportunity to hear Sumner; and when there was to be an evening session and but scant time for dinner, he would ask the Senator to dine with him, instead of permitting him to go to his distant lodgings; and Sumner used to find the dinner and the accompanying chat agreeable. Mr. Bayard, the present Secretary of State, often dined with Sumner, and, in turn, the Senator dined with him. Their mutual love for the classics made frequent meetings pleasant. But who shall tell what brought Mr. Hendricks, the late Vice-President, and Sumner together? Yet they were quite friendly, dined with each other frequently, and spoke of each other with great respect. Still they were quite dissimilar. Sumner used to value Hendrick's sturdy good sense

and sterling honesty, and Hendricks seemed to have quite a liking in turn for the polished Massachusetts Senator. All will remember the glowing eulogy that Mr. Lamar, then a member of the Lower House, and now the Secretary of the Interior, pronounced on Sumner's memory in the House. That great speech may be taken as an index of the feeling thinking Southrons had for Sumner. Among the army and navy officers who used frequently to visit him were a number that were born in the South. One reason for their friendliness was the impersonal character of his feeling toward slavery. He never denounced the man whose assault made him a life-long invalid. In fact, he never spoke of him except as he might have spoken if the assault had never been made. He once wrote me to send a copy "of the Congressional report on Mr. Brooks's assault" to a certain person. There was no bitterness in his composition toward anybody, but, oh, what acerbity toward slavery!

Another reason why the fighting men had such a feeling for Sumner may have been because of his undaunted courage. This was well recognized, and was the subject of much comment. Of all the anti-slavery men then in Congress, there was not one against whom there was stronger feeling. Seward would borrow a pinch of snuff from Benjamin's box immediately after the Louisiana Senator had scored him in his severest manner. Hale would keep his hearers in good humor by the wit with which he would flay them. Chase made few personal enemies, but Sumner took no steps to placate any one. He pictured the barbarisms of slavery; he denounced slavery as a crime; and he apologized to no one, either by manner or matter. Some other Northern men did as much, but some of them implied that they did it because they were *sent* to Congress for that purpose; but Sumner's manner implied that he had *come* there to do this very thing, and that he was terribly in earnest. Indeed, he had at times something of criticism for those whose acts belied their words. Hence he rather centered in himself the opprobrium that was heaped on Hale, Chase, Seward, and Sumner, for of the quartet he was once styled by a clergyman, "the most virulent and venomous," and he spoke of Sumner as the junior of the four, but said with emphasis, "And Satan came also."

Hence it can be well understood that when a defender of the peculiar institution became flown with wine and desirous of doing something for the cause, he would denounce Sumner; and if they chanced to meet while in his maudlin condition, a collision would have been imminent. But while all this was brought by friends, and foes as well, to Sumner's knowledge, he would never go out of his way to escape such dangers; he would never carry any weapons of defense, not even a stick, till compelled by his disabilities; and he would never, if he could help it, have the company of a friend when it was to be given for the purpose of escort. After one of his vigorous speeches, when the city was rife with threats against him, when relays of his friends would organize to keep him in sight, he seemed to take delight in dodging them, and it was only when his attention was called to the fact that his danger mainly lay in collision with bar-room brawlers, who might meet him, seemingly by accident, and involve him in what might afterward be called a fight, that he would consent even to the measures taken by his friends to insure his personal safety. An officer of the navy, who was from the South, in discussing the claim of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, "that he was born insensible to fear," said that Sumner was the braver man of the two, for the Senator, while fully sensible of fear, would not keep out of danger, when he took it into his obstinate head that it was in the way of duty.

Perhaps there was no man at the North more widely separated in political sentiment from Sumner than Caleb Cushing; yet there was a strong personal friendship between them. They frequently dined together, but more frequently breakfasted in company, and those breakfasts were my despair; they lasted so long into the forenoon that my work was continued late into the night. Still they were too charming to be regretted, for the talk ranged over such a field. Then, too, they rode together quite often. Cushing had a little house about sixteen miles from Washington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, opposite its Great Falls, where, in the warmer seasons, he kept his best wine, his choicest books, and, in the fishing season, his best cook. Sumner would go with Cushing to his cabin, as he called it, to dine, sleep, and breakfast, and would come back

rested, doing the distance in a light buggy, behind two good horses, mostly through the woods, always in sight of the river, at a pace of his own choosing. They talked of everything but politics; but, as was said of others, it was a liberal education to hear them.

It was a subject of some comment that there were so many scientists among Sumner's intimate friends, especially as he laid no claims himself to any peculiar scientific knowledge; but it may be explained by the hospitality he gave to that general knowledge which he claimed constituted culture. When Lyell, the geologist, and Tyndall, the physicist, visited this country, they brought letters to him, and they were not only pleased but surprised by the knowledge shown from his intelligent questions. Hall, the arctic explorer, received so much aid at his hands that it was the fashion to speak of the "Polaris" as Sumner's yacht. The venerable Secretary of the Smithsonian, Professor Henry, would hurry to tell Sumner of his latest discovery in the laws of sound, being sure of meeting full appreciation; and many of the members of the National Academy of Science, when they met in this city, felt certain that he would welcome all they brought to Washington.

One of the younger scientists, who often called on Sumner, was Professor Baird, since the Secretary of the Smithsonian and Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. In those early days he was in charge of the system of exchanges between the Smithsonian and foreign institutions of learning, and he was hard at work on its organization. He could not leave his work during the day, and so would visit Sumner in the evening. But the Professor, who was an early bird, found it hard to keep awake after nine at night, so Sumner was never surprised to find Baird asleep on a lounge in his study if the Senator did not return until after he had dined out.* But the Professor was well awake in the chats which then followed. He always found Sumner ready for his boldest propositions, and many of the plans that have since been carried out were formulated in those evening talks.

Professor Louis Agassiz was one of Sumner's intimate friends. They saw much of each other at Cambridge; and the Professor

always spent no little time with Sumner when he came to Washington, and he would talk to the Senator about his plans for the advancement of the study of biology in its various forms, as though they were equally interested, and I don't know but they were.

While it can hardly be said that Sumner "magnified his office," it is certainly true that he estimated the position of Senator at its full value. When Senators resigned to take foreign missions, or even places in the Cabinet, it was his habit to speak of the sacrifices they made for the public good.

He constantly claimed the precedence of the Senate over the Supreme Bench and the Cabinet, for he said we make Justices and Cabinet Ministers. While I have no desire for any controversy, it may be proper for me to say right here that I utterly disbelieve all the statements that have been made relative to his seeking foreign missions and Cabinet offices, and especially the statement that he ever was anxious for the position of Secretary of State. Of course much may have happened of which I have no cognizance, but there was nothing in all our intercourse, which began in 1853 and continued to his death, that would give me the faintest idea that he wanted it or would have taken it at any time except under a personal sense of severe sacrifice. In fact, I think that he regarded the position that he so long held as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs as higher than that of Secretary of State, and I have no doubt that the fact that he actually made it higher was the real reason that he was deprived of it, when his views came to be different from those of the Grant Administration.

It was seldom the case that the Senator left Washington when the session closed. He frequently remained to bring up the arrears of business and to prepare for the coming Congress. Thus he was often caught in the city by the hot weather. When the temperature was among the nineties, he stripped to his work. His costume at his desk would be white trousers, shirt, and socks with slippers; and as he wore a black tie and no braces, and as his collar and cuffs were a part of his shirt, he did not appear inappropriately dressed. He felt the heat keenly; but as he perspired freely it did not affect his health. It was curious to note the gradual wilting of his clothes. His collar would

* The death of Professor Baird occurred after these papers were in the hands of the editor.

soon seem to be hung over his cravat to dry. His back after a while would look as if it had been pelted with wet sponges, and his white ducks as if they had been spattered by a garden hose. So by noon he had to make a complete change of clothes, and before dinner he had, of course, to make another.

Once, when making such a change, he called to a friend who was waiting in an adjoining room :

"Which would you rather be—an Esquimau or a Hottentot?"

"I don't know; which would you?" was the reply.

"An Esquimau, by all means," answered the Senator. "For," he continued, "the Esquimau can always make himself comfortable by piling on furs, while the Hottentot can be comfortable never."

Once, while he was toweling himself, he rather astonished a friend by calling to him through the half-open door:

"Do you believe the historian's statement that Cæsar's sweat was sweet? I don't."

He finally abandoned the use of white duck, though he had on hand enough to have outfitted a West Point cadet, and took to loosely woven flannels, declaring that the starched linen made him feel as if his legs were in separate sections of stove-pipe. And, by the way, he called them trousers, not pantaloons. He wore vests next to his skin, but he had a nice fancy for waistcoats; he could tie a neck-cloth quickly; he said "nyther" and "eyther," and he never carried a colored pocket-handkerchief.

Some of Sumner's sayings used to be quoted as good things. During Reconstruction times a Senator spoke of Governor Walker of Virginia as a pillar of the State.

"Yes, a caterpillar," growled Sumner in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard in the immediate vicinity.

When Senator Douglas, the Little Giant, was making his peculiar doctrine fashionable, during the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in the fifties, some one asked:

"After all, who was the first squatter sovereign?"

"Satan," replied Sumner. "Milton says:

"—him there they found
Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve
Essayng by his devilish arts to reach
The organs of her fancy —" *"

* Paradise Lost, Book IV., line 799, et seq.

It was Sumner who said that what the Republican Party wanted was, first, *Backbone*; second, *BACKBONE*; and third, *BACKBONE*; and it was he who gave a new word to politics when he characterized a certain report made by General Grant to President Johnson as "Whitewash."

Sumner's love for Milton and his admiration for Burke were proverbial. He made such use of their writings that it was wont to be said that he could not make a speech without quoting from both. While the statement had a basis in fact, it was no more true than that other statement that every speech he made had the slave as its foundation.

While he was ready to do everything to keep up the army and navy during the war, Sumner was strenuous as to the enforcement of the civil law and as to the maintenance of the authority of the civil courts. He denied and denounced the doctrine of *inter arma silent leges*; in fact, he held that the power of the courts should be strengthened rather than weakened during war, that anarchy might not come with peace; and it was during the war that he pushed through the project he had so long been at work upon, of creating a commission for the revision of the United States statutes at large.

Charles Sumner was an eminently practical statesman. By many he has not been so considered, but that is mainly because he put the success of his ideas before personal success. He was content to suggest a measure and leave to others its formulation. He once said: "The cuckoo is a practical bird; she leaves the hatching of her eggs to other birds; she is content to produce them." It was the Senator's custom to advance his standard at the beginning of each session by offering a series of resolutions, each proposing a measure so far in the advance of public opinion that it sometimes appeared chimerical. Frequently the session would pass without reference to one of them. But he was content to let them take their time and fructify in the public mind. And if some one else would present his thought in different shape, he would never invite opposition to it by claiming it as his own, especially when he was in the minority. He was not persistent as to details. He did not adhere to the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread, but rather to that other

saying that it is the first step that costs, and especially to the idea that revolutions never go backward. It has been alleged that few of his bills were passed as presented, but to that may be opposed the fact that many of the ideas he advanced then are now embodied in laws, and who shall say that many more will not be an ornament in our statute-books? Space will not admit details. Suffice to say that he not only pressed the revision of the United States statutes at large to a conclusion, but that the vital element in his Civil Rights Bill, which he so piteously pressed on his death-bed, and which failed of passage in 1874, became the law of the land in 1887, embodied in the Inter-State Commerce Act, an act which is known by the name of the Ex-Confederate Postmaster-General, Senator Reagan. Now all men in a railway car without regard to color are equal before the Inter-State Commerce law.

Sumner had a strong belief in the power of the press, and a warm side for its writers, among whom he had many personal friends. He appreciated the smaller papers as well as the great dailies, but he especially kept up with the picture papers, and used to say that a cartoon could be made more effective than a battle. The letters signed "Petroleum V. Nasby" he valued highly, and would go over them with the President; but while Lincoln would be tickled by their fun, Sumner would be impressed by their force, and the writer of them must have many complimentary notes on the subject. The Senator used to call him General Locke, and he was wont to speak of poor Major Halpine as General O'Reilly, and quote his songs, saying that they were our best recruiting sergeants among the Irish. One of Halpine's songs was entitled "Sambo's right to be kilt," and had this refrain:

"The right to be kilt we'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half;"

and I once heard Sumner quote this, saying it had been of immense service in breaking down the prejudice in the army against the use of colored troops. He did his best in every way to encourage such literature, quoting the old saying that, if he had the making of the songs of a country, it was of little consequence who made the laws.

The injuries that Sumner received in May, 1856, when beaten to insensibility on the

floor of the Senate, made him an invalid for the rest of his life. Though he did much, he always felt that if he had his old strength he could have done more.

Twice he was forced to go abroad for the rest he could not obtain at home. He attended the Senate on the day Buchanan was inaugurated as President, and on the 7th of March, 1857, he sailed for Europe, returning in time to take his seat in the Senate in the following December. While abroad he lived a secluded life, but saw many eminent men, most of whom had become his friends when, as a young man, he spent some time in foreign lands. Among those whom he met in France were Circourt, Guizot, Thiers, and Montalembert. DeTocqueville he visited at his chateau in Normandy after his own return from London; Lamartine he saw frequently; and he spent much time in 1858 with Charles Martins, the friend of Agassiz, the head of the Jardin des Plantes, at Montpellier, whom he met while in the south of France.

In the fall of 1857 Sumner visited Scotland, and passed some time at Dunrobin Castle, where he was the guest of the Duchess of Sutherland. From thence he went to Haddo House, where he was the guest of the venerable Earl of Aberdeen, the former prime minister. He then accepted an invitation from Sir William Stirling Maxwell, and visited what Sir Walter Scott called "the lofty brow of ancient Kier," and his letters, especially those to Longfellow, are filled with accounts of Sir William's books, paintings, articles of *virtu*, his terraces, and his cattle. Thence he went "by posting and by row-boat" across the country to the ancient seat of the Argyles. Both the Duke and the Duchess, old friends, did all in their power to make his visit pleasant. There he met Tennyson with his wife and two children. But his health was so frail he had to leave all this and return to the balmy air of the south of France.

When, in 1857, Mr. Sumner was at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, the great fountain, "The Emperor," which throws the highest stream of any fountain in the world, was played for him. This fountain is only played for distinguished guests. Mr. Sumner left the dinner-table there to take the train for Liverpool on his return home.

Those interested in Sumner's wanderings

in the British Isles and on the Continent, in those he saw and in what he did, will find much to please them in his letters to Longfellow, recently published in the memorial volume prepared by the poet's brother. Sumner's letters to Longfellow were more in detail and written with less reserve than those sent to any other person.

The excitement of the presidential campaign of 1872 told so severely on Sumner that he was again sent into exile by his physicians. Why and how is told so well in the letter, a fac-simile of which is printed on another page.

The time arrived when Sumner became estranged from certain of his early friends; or rather they had become estranged from him. This was mainly caused by difference of opinion as to measures, rather than as to principles. He would not barter future possibilities for present futile attempts. This estrangement saddened but did not dishearten him. While some spoke and wrote of him with great bitterness, he had only words of kindness for them.

But the day came when they admitted, by acts if not by words, that he was right and they were wrong, and he interposed no obstacles to proffered reconciliation. So in his last months he was surrounded and heartened by those with whom he had commenced his work. Wendell Phillips was one who had criticised him severely, not to say bitterly, in his speeches and letters, for his course in finally voting for the confirmation of one officer; but as Phillips was a man who was nothing if not frank, candid, and outspoken, his personal letters to the Senator were still more difficult to bear. It was Phillips who wrote the last letter before their estrangement and Sumner who wrote the first letter after their reconciliation. During that time a mutual friend of the two, making a final call on Sumner when about leaving for Boston, asked:

"What shall I say to Phillips for you?"

"Give Wendell my love," said the Senator, "and tell him if it does him any good to hit at me in his speeches to hit away." And resuming his conversation he said: "It seems to do him good to pitch into me, and it does me no harm."

But it did all the same. No man felt such stings more, though he gave little sign. After their old intimacy in all its sweetness

and tenderness was renewed, Phillips came to Washington to fulfill lecture engagements, and Sumner would allow him to stop nowhere except at his house, where the room that he occupied came to be known in the household vernacular as "the Phillips room."

The last time that Phillips lectured in Washington he stayed with Sumner as usual, and as his departure was sudden, his leaving was rather hurried. He could not have known, he could hardly have dreamed that this was the last time he would see his friend; still he wrote a hurried note from his first stopping place, which deserves to be placed with the gems of "In Memoriam." Sumner once said that Tennyson had done for friendship what Petrarch had done for love. The idea, for I can not quote the letter verbally, was about this: "When we parted yesterday, it was with a mere shake of the hand; but if I had been governed by my feelings, dear Charles, I should have pressed you to my heart with as fervent a kiss as was ever given woman, but our Anglo-Saxon training makes us cover the fires of our friendship with the white ashes of formality. The formality simply serves to cover, not to hide, and may be it keeps alive the glowing embers."

It is often said that as the end of even a strong man approaches, he shows himself at his best. It was certainly so with Sumner. His temper was mellowed, his feelings seemed softened, his manner was kinder, and at times even tender.

After a year's absence I was a guest in his house for the ten days preceding his death, and thus had ample opportunity to see the difference; and as I now look back to that time it seems to me that coming events had cast their shadows before, and that he showed less of earth and more of heaven as the hours went by. All things seemed to work together just then for his good. His own legislature, which had misconceived the meaning of his resolutions that forbade the perpetuation of the memory of our Civil War on the flags of victorious regiments, thus commemorating our victories over those who were once again our fellow-citizens—this legislature which had formally censured him, had now as formally rescinded those resolutions, and sent one of its members, himself a man of color and one of

Sumner's most devoted friends, to bear to him official evidence of renewed appreciation. This perhaps set the fashion, so that some who had fallen away returned to their allegiance by letter or visit; and there set in a true era of good feeling—just then, when he was at the very pinnacle of his political prosperity, when it was evident that his re-election was certain, when old friends were reasserting themselves, and new friends were pressing their congratulations upon him, then it was that he was taken away. No happier ending to such a life could well be asked. He used to say that he had struck the prayer for deliverance from sudden death from his litany.

And what a death-bed! During the few hours in which his tremendous vitality struggled against the inevitable, and he was insensible, with an occasional lucid interval, his house was so thronged by the great men of the nation, that his humbler devoted friends were almost elbowed away. None of his blood was present. He had survived most of his name. Of all his many brothers and sisters but one remained, and she, a bed-ridden invalid on the other side of the continent, could not be brought here even for the funeral. But the lack of kindred only made him still more the nation's dead.

In saying that his house was thronged by the great men of the nation, I did not mean to say that there was lack of woman's tears. The women of the nation were well represented by the wife and daughter of his colleague, Senator Boutwell, the wife and daughter of his successor, Senator Dawes, the wife and daughter of his dear friend, Senator Schurz. Among the many who called proffering their personal services were the ladies of numerous families resident in Washington, with

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My dear Johnson:

When this reaches you I shall be on the Atlantic in quest of rest. Since my return there have been several touches on the beach, & the physicians have called that I ~~could~~ should venture to speak, but that I must find repose. This made it necessary that I should leave the country. Too it was reluctantly & unexpectedly, & only in obedience to what seemed essential to restoration.

Meanwhile, I shall direct the Route P.O. to send you the accumulation of letters & papers once a week, which you will be good enough to open & serve only what you think I shall wish to see:

Good bye & God Bless you
My faithful friend
Wm. Johnson.

Yours

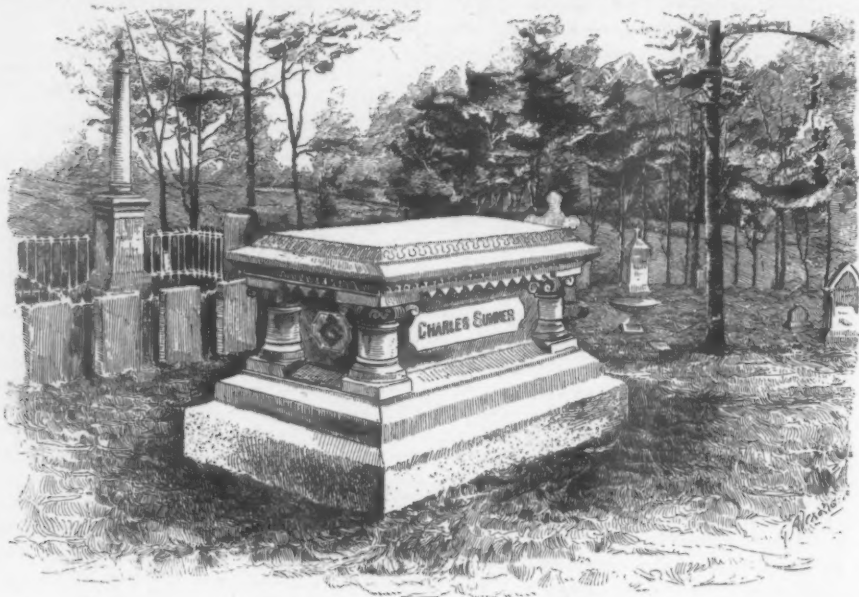
I am upon my
way back at the office of
Capers, if not at home before

Ever yours,
Charles Sumner

whom he was intimate, such as the wife and daughter of Professor Baird and the venerable widow of Professor Johnson. And Lady Thornton, the wife of the British Minister, represented the women across the water. They pressed for admission, to do for their friend all that women could, and would not be denied until they

learned it was by the orders of the physicians.

The hold he had on the heart of the nation was made evident by the pageant that passed through the various cities as all that was left of the great Senator was carried through the country to his last resting-place, that beautiful cemetery overlooking the city of his birth.



SUMNER'S GRAVE AT MOUNT AUBURN, CAMBRIDGE.

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THE TOURS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ON Monday, October 5, 1789, President Washington wrote as follows in his diary: "Had conversation with Colonel Hamilton on the propriety of my making a tour through the Eastern States during the recess of Congress to acquire knowledge of the face of the country, the growth and agriculture thereof, and the temper and disposition of the inhabitants towards the new Government, who thought it a very desirable plan, and advised it accordingly." On the following day he writes: "Conversed with General Knox, Secretary of War, on the above tour, who also recommended it accordingly." Two days later, he notes that "Mr. Madison finds no impropriety in

the trip to the eastward, and that John Jay highly approves the idea and observes that a similar visit will be expected by the Southern States."

It is in these lines that we find the origin of presidential tours. Washington carried out the plan here indicated. His example has been followed by a number of his successors, and it finds its counterpart in the western journey of President Cleveland this fall. President Washington's tours were, however, far different from those of the Executives of the past generation. It was before the days of the turnpike and the railroad, and the four-horse coach took the place of the special drawing-room car.

But President Washington had the finest turnouts of his time. His horses were blooded ones, and his English coach was the wonder of New York. "It was," says Lossing, "drawn by four spirited bay horses, governed by a driver and a postilion, both in livery, and accompanied by outriders. The coach was of a cream color, and was suspended on heavy leather straps resting upon iron springs. The upper part, sides, front, and rear were furnished with Venetian blinds and black leather curtains. Upon the door Washington's arms were emblazoned, and upon the panels on each side of the doors were designs emblematic of the four seasons, painted upon copper, on a dark green ground, by the celebrated Italian artist, Cipriani."

The servants that accompanied Washington on his drives while in Philadelphia were white, and their livery was of white cloth trimmed with scarlet or orange. During his presidential tours he traveled in his best style, and the presidential procession, as it went through the various States, was the wonder of people. The Eastern tour began on the 15th of October, 1789, and the President's equipage was a chariot drawn by four spirited bay horses, which had been raised at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Washington would not accompany him, though Lossing says he desired her to do so; and he made his trips with his private secretary, Tobias Lear, and his official secretary, Major William Jackson, who rode beside the chariot on horseback. He had also a retinue of six servants, among whom was his noted body-servant, Billie, of Revolutionary fame. He was escorted out of New York by Chief-Justice John Jay, Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton, and Secretary of War Knox, who rode on horseback as far as Rye in Westchester County.

The tour extended to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Washington. The President returned to New York on the 13th of November, having been gone nearly one month. During this tour, and the tour through the Southern States, which he took two years later, he was received everywhere with great demonstrations of respect and honor. Business was suspended, bells were rung, and guns fired. There were civic and military processions, and the President rode into the various towns under triumphal

arches emblazoned with mottoes eulogizing the "Great Washington."

Washington kept a very full diary of his trips on the blank leaves of a pocket almanac; and while he does not omit to put down the great honors he received, these notes show that he was a close observer and a wise traveler. He describes the different inns that he stopped at, and states whether they are "neat and decent" or the contrary; and in the notes of his first day's journey, he writes "that he has seen no dwelling house without a stone or brick chimney, and rarely any without a shingled roof." He notes the quality of the lands, the state of the crops, the size of the towns and their prospects, and never fails to visit such factories as exist along his route.

But the President does not confine himself to prosy subjects. He is careful to speak of such attentions as he receives from the other sex. During his stay at the capital of New Hampshire he records that he met at the assembly "about seventy-five well-dressed ladies, among whom, as was also the case at the assemblies of Boston and Salem, there were a greater proportion with much blacker hair than is usually seen in the Southern States." He records the results of his conversations with the farmers along the roads as to their crops; and at Hartford, finding that the family with whom he stopped had named a son after him and a daughter after Mrs. Washington, he sends a piece of chintz and five guineas to the girl upon his return, and asks her to write to him acknowledging the receipt, and to address her letter to the "President of the United States at New York."

The President carefully avoided Rhode Island in this tour, as it had as yet refused to ratify the Federal Constitution, passing by it into Connecticut, where he was received by the Governor and spent Sunday. He went twice to church every Sabbath of his tour, and on his return trip he records the following in his diary, Sunday, November 8th: "It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the people of this State (Connecticut) to travel on the Sabbath, and my horses after passing through intolerable roads wanting rest, I stayed at Perkins' Tavern (which, by the way, is not a good one) all day; and a meeting-house being within a few rods of the door, I attended morning and evening ser-

vices, and heard *very lame discourses* from a Mr. Pond."

The most annoying adventure of Washington's eastern tour occurred at Boston. John Hancock, who is best known to-day by his signature heading those appended to the Declaration of Independence, was Governor of Massachusetts. He was a man of wealth and ability. He belonged to an old family, and possessed a very high opinion of the office of Governor. He was full of vanity, and was very particular as to his prerogatives. He considered his position equal to that of Washington, and said that while Washington was sovereign of the United States, he was sovereign in Massachusetts, and that it was Washington's duty to make the first call.

He sent an escort to meet Washington at the borders of Massachusetts, and to invite him to stop at his house during his stay, but Washington replied that he had made it a rule of the trip to accept private hospitalities from no one and that he could make no exception in this case. His quarters had already been engaged in Boston, and he preferred to occupy them. Governor Hancock then sent troops to meet Washington at Cambridge, and it was expected that he would be present in person on the outskirts of the city to receive him. During the stop at Cambridge a reception was held in the house afterward occupied by Longfellow.

The procession then moved on to Boston. At the boundary of the city, it was met by the officers of the town and by the leading citizens, but no Governor. They stopped and awaited his appearance. He failed to come, and after two hours' delay, during which Washington and the crowd were exposed to a cold northeast wind, the cavalcade passed into the city. This exposure gave Washington a severe cold, and so many of the spectators were afflicted in a like manner that the general sneezing was known as "the Washington influenza."

President Washington was very indignant at Governor Hancock's conduct. He held the dignity of the Presidential office in much higher esteem than any of his successors have; and as he rode down the streets of Boston and noted the crowd-lined sidewalks, the windows and roofs filled with welcoming faces, and heard the cheers of thousands, his face did not relax from its stern dignity,

nor did he bow in response to the salutations. As he passed under a grand triumphal arch near the State House, the inscriptions "To the man who unites all hearts," and "To Columbia's favorite son," did not soften him, and he would not ascend the stairs leading to a balcony in the State House until he was assured that Governor Hancock was not there.

Here he reviewed the procession and listened to the singing of the ode prepared for the occasion. The two first verses of this bombastic production are as follows:

"Great Washington the hero's come;
Each heart, exulting, hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng.
And shout him welcome all around.
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud Great Washington.

"The new Columbia's favorite son,
Her Father, Saviour, Friend and Guide;
Then see the immortal Washington,
His country's glory, boast and pride.
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud Great Washington."

After this, President Washington was escorted to his boarding-house, and he here sent a declination to an invitation to attend the dinner given by the Governor that evening, ironically intimating that the indisposition that the Governor stated stood in the way of a call upon him would probably prevent him from receiving his company. Washington saw through the Governor's ruse, and would not be tricked into a relaxation of his dignity. The big dinner, to which the French Admiral *de Pondreux* and the officers of his fleet, then lying in Boston Harbor, had been invited, was a very dull affair, owing to the absence of the principal guest; and Hancock's conduct created such general indignation that some of his invited city guests refused to attend the banquet, and visited Washington instead. Hancock was remonstrated with. His theory of State Sovereignty was overborne; and, having slept upon the matter, he became convinced that Washington would not call, and sent the following note:

"SUNDAY, 26th October, one o'clock.

"The Governor's best respects to the President. If at home and at leisure, the Governor will do himself the honor to pay his respects in half an hour. This he would have done much sooner had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything in respect to his health for the desirable purpose."

To this President Washington replied as follows :

"SUNDAY, 26th October, one o'clock.

"The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he will be at home until two o'clock. The President need not express the pleasure it will be to him to see the Governor ; but at the same time he must earnestly beg he will not hazard his health on this occasion."

Immediately upon the receipt of this, Governor Hancock drove to the President's lodgings, and was carried by his servants, with his legs wrapped up in red flannel, and hanging down, into the drawing-room, where he was received by the President, who politely gave full weight to his excuse that the gout had disabled him from calling. The interview was not long, and the "Governor, glad to get away," says one authority, "ascended the long flight of stairs that led up to his own door much more rapidly than he had gotten up the two or three steps which formed the entrance to the President's quarters."

Shortly after this, Hancock had a similar trouble in refusing to call upon Comte de Moustier, the French Ambassador, who visited Boston ; and the result was, that the Comte did not call. Hancock had, however, many good qualities, and he was an ardent patriot. He was especially obnoxious to the British during the Revolution, and their favorite parody of Yankee Doodle contained the following :

"Madame Hancock dreamt a dream ;
She thought she wanted something ;
She dreamt she wanted a Yankee King,
And crowned him with a pumpkin."

President Washington having made Hancock yield, now put him at his ease. He returned his call the same Sunday afternoon, and took tea with him and Mrs. Hancock in the evening. He was well treated during the remainder of his stay ; but having announced that he would leave at eight o'clock, Thursday evening, he showed his love of punctuality by going away promptly at that hour, and leaving his escort, which had not yet appeared, to follow him. He journeyed to Salem and Newburyport, and thence to New Hampshire, where he was much better treated by the Governor, who came to the borders of the State to meet him and escorted him to the capital, which was then at Portsmouth.

Washington's Southern trip was a series

of ovations, and he planned it so accurately beforehand that he wrote to Alexander Hamilton at its close that he had made it in eight days less than he had expected. He had a new white coach built for the purpose, and left Philadelphia for Mount Vernon on the adjournment of Congress, March 4, 1791. His coach was drawn by four horses, two of which were the noted white chargers that the General used upon all state occasions at Philadelphia. In addition to these coach horses, there were two horses drawing a light baggage-wagon, four saddle-horses, and a horse for the President's use that was led along. The President was attended by his official secretary, Major Jackson, and five servants, two footmen, a coachman, a postilion, and his valet.

His trip was so planned that he fixed beforehand the day and the hour at which he would reach the various towns, and he appeared, as a rule, on time. From his diary I find that it was his custom to start out as early as four and five o'clock in the morning ; and on leaving Petersburg, Virginia, on Friday, the 15th of April, 1791, he records the following, which leads one to fear that his love for truth was not then so strong as it was when he cut his father's apple-tree :

"Friday, 15th.—Having suffered much by the dust of yesterday, and finding that parties of horse and other gentlemen were intending to attend me part of the way to-day, I caused the enquiries respecting the time of my setting out to be answered, that I should endeavor to do it before eight o'clock ; but I did it a little after five, by which means I avoided these inconveniences above mentioned."

Neither John Adams nor Thomas Jefferson took presidential tours in the sense that the word is used to-day ; and there was a decided doubt in President Jefferson's mind as to their propriety. Replying to the request of Governor Sullivan, of Massachusetts, that he make a tour through the North, he writes : "With respect to the tour that my friends to the North have proposed that I should make in that quarter, I have not made up a final opinion. The course of life that General Washington had run, civil and military, the services he had rendered, and the space he had therefore occupied in the affections of his fellow-citizens, take from his examples the weight of precedents for others, because no others can arrogate to themselves the claims he had on public homage. To my-

self, therefore, it becomes a new question, to be viewed under all the phases it may present. I confess I am not reconciled to the idea of a Chief Magistrate parading himself through the several States as an object of public gaze and in quest of applause, which, to be valuable, should be purely voluntary. I had rather acquire silent good-will by a faithful discharge of my duties than owe expressions of it to my putting myself in the way of receiving them."

All of the first Presidents were, however, men of wide travels. Washington went to the West Indies as a boy, and his whole life after his return was made up in passing from one point of this country to another. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were all employed in diplomatic missions to the various courts of Europe; and John Quincy Adams, beginning his travels at the age of fifteen years as the Secretary of our Legation at the Court of the Czar, kept up his travels for a long lifetime at the Government's expense, or out of the salary received from the Government. Martin Van Buren started to England as Minister to the Court of St. James during Jackson's administration, and Jackson himself had led an active life and seen much of the country during his campaigns and his ante-Presidential career.

John Adams speaks of the hardships of early travel in his journal, written after he had journeyed from England to Holland in 1784, as follows: "I had ridden on horseback often to Congress, over roads and across ferries of which the present generation have no idea, and once in the dead of winter, in 1777, from Braintree to Baltimore, five hundred miles on a trotting horse. I had been three days in the Gulf Stream in 1778 in a furious hurricane, and a storm of thunder and lightning, which struck down our men upon deck and cracked our mainmast. I had crossed the Atlantic in 1779 in a leaky ship, with perhaps four hundred men on board who were scarcely able, with two large pumps going all the twenty-four hours, to keep the water from filling the hold, in hourly danger for twenty days together of foundering at sea. I had passed the mountains in Spain in the winter among ice and snow, partly on muleback and partly on foot. Yet I never suffered so much in any of these situations as in that jaunt to Amsterdam from Bath in January, 1784."

John Adams' wife Abigail details the troubles of the journey from Boston to Washington and describes in an oft-quoted passage her trials of housekeeping in the new White House; but I venture to say that all the woes of these travels were not more full of vexation than the trip that John Adams took at the close of his Presidential term when he ordered his carriage the mid-night before the inauguration of Jefferson, and sped away from Washington that he might not witness the beginning of his rival's administration.

After Washington the next purely Presidential tour was that of Monroe, whose reign was known as the Era of Good-Feeling. In the summer of 1817 he took a tour throughout the North. He left Washington in June, and was conveyed up the Delaware from Wilmington in a gorgeous barge, which was rowed by sixteen oarsmen dressed in scarlet vests, white sleeves, and white trousers. Monroe was a great stickler for dress, and it was he, I think, who turned one of his relatives away from a White House reception because he wore a garment not suitable for the occasion. At this time he wore a dark blue coat, buff-colored breeches of doeskin, and top boots, with a military cocked hat of the fashion of the Revolution, and a black ribbon cockade. He was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm, and all New York, New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield turned out to do him honor. At Boston the greatest crowd that the city had seen since the visit of Washington twenty-six years before came together, and salutes were fired from Dorchester Heights, Boston Common, and from the forts in the harbor. The whole city was decorated, and a cavalcade of citizens escorted him into the city.

From Boston President Monroe went through New Hampshire, where he called upon the lady who, as a girl, had dressed the wounds he received while in the Revolutionary war; and he met everywhere old Revolutionary soldiers with whom he had served. He crossed the State of Vermont to Plattsburgh, New York, and then proceeded to Sackett's Harbor, Ogdensburg, and Detroit. He returned to Washington in the latter part of September, having consumed four months in a tour that could now be gone

over by continuous traveling in about four days.

Judge A. R. Boteler, now of the Attorney-General's office at Washington, was a boy at Princeton College when President Jackson made his famous tour through the Eastern States in 1833. It was taken shortly after his famous nullification decree, and the North went wild in their adulation of Old Hickory. Baltimore and Philadelphia had received Jackson in grand style, and he was to pass through Princeton on his way to New York. Judge Boteler's eyes now brighten as he tells how excited the college boys were over Jackson's expected coming, and they twinkled as he told me how he, with several of his mates, ran away from Princeton the night before, and went to meet the President at Trenton that they might accompany him to Princeton. During the journey, the following incident occurred, which I give in Judge Boteler's own words:

"The people came in crowds from the surrounding country to see the Presidential party pass by, and General Jackson was uniformly kind to all. He rode in a splendid four-horse coach, which was driven by Old Resides, the noted stage owner, and General Eaton, the Secretary of War, sat beside Jackson in the coach. About midway in the journey a poor woman was seen out in the plowed fields alongside of the road, hurrying toward the carriage. She had almost reached the road, when the carriages came up. The coachmen were about to whip up their horses, when Jackson, seeing the woman, called out in stentorian tones, 'Halt!'"

"As the carriage stopped, he said to Eaton: 'Don't you see that lady; she wishes to meet us.'

"At this moment the poor bareheaded woman, with a little baby under her arm, had reached the fence. As she crawled through and stood looking anxiously from one face of the party to the other, General Jackson raised his tall white hat and courteously said, 'Madam, can we do anything for you?'

"Rather abashed, the poor woman replied, 'I want to see the President.'

"At this Jackson again raised his hat, and said, 'I am he, and I am glad to know you. And is that fine boy your baby? Let me have him.'

"The woman handed the dirty-faced infant

to Old Hickory. Jackson took it, and held it up before him.

"'Ah! There is a fine specimen of American childhood. I think, madam, your boy will make a fine man some day.'

"Then, with a quick gesture, he put the dirty face of the infant close to the face of Secretary Eaton, saying quickly and soberly, 'Eaton, kiss him?'

"General Eaton pretended to do so with a wry face, amid the laughter of the crowd, and Jackson then handed the baby back to the happy mother."

Judge Boteler once told this story to President Hayes, and he profited by it. There is no reason why Secretaries Whitney, Fairchild, and Endicott should not render the same assistance to President Cleveland.

President Jackson received a grand ovation in New York; and at Newport, Concord, Providence, and Boston there were grand demonstrations in his honor. At Boston, Harvard College made him an L.L.D. One of the seniors addressed him with a speech of welcome in Latin. "He might," as the late Judge David Davis once said, "as well have talked to him in Choctaw on the subject of raising hens, for the whole was unintelligible to Old Hickory."

The tour, though successful in winning friends for the President, was full of accidents. In New York, the bridge that connected Castle Garden with the Battery gave way with the weight of the crowd upon it just as the President had landed on the other side, and precipitated the spectators into the water. No one was hurt, though Major Jack Downing says Governor Marcy tore his pantaloons and Governor Lewis Cass lost his wig. Again, according to Parton, who is my chief authority relative to Jackson's tours, the General's horse took fright while going up Broadway, and on another occasion the wadding of a cannon came within a few inches of singeing the General's bristling head of frosted hair. There was the same unfortunate experience in Boston, where, by over-exertion, he was taken with an attack of bleeding at the lungs. The carpets on the hotel floors were doubled, the streets outside were covered with tan, and the strictest silence was kept while he was confined to his room. After a few days he became better, and at once set out to return to Washington.

It was earlier in this same year that he made the trip to Fredericksburg, Virginia, to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to Washington's mother; and it was at Alexandria, during that trip, while the boat was waiting, that Lieutenant Randolph, a dismissed officer of the navy, rushed in and attempted to pull the President's nose. Jackson was reading a newspaper. He did not know Randolph; and when he saw Randolph standing before him pulling off his glove, he supposed that the lieutenant desired to shake hands with him, and said politely, "Never mind your glove, sir." At this Randolph thrust his hand violently in the President's face, and his friends always claimed that he succeeded in pulling Jackson's nose. These friends rushed in, however, and carried him away before he could be arrested, and thus he effected his escape. Jackson was very angry, but he would not allow others to avenge him, and Randolph was, I think, never prosecuted for the assault.

The tour of John Tyler to Boston did not call out great demonstrations, and the lack of enthusiasm at Baltimore and Philadelphia was painfully expressive.

Andrew Johnson's "Swing around the Circle," in which he disgraced the name of president by his abusive and often vulgar speeches denouncing his enemies in Congress, did his cause incalculable harm, and added to the bitterness of the impeachment trial that came later. The trip was nominally taken to attend the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago; but in reality it was a political tour, and the President used it as such. It was ridiculed by the press, laughed at by the people, and formed the theme for many witty rhymes by the newspaper poets. One of the poems, published in the *Washington Chronicle*, the editor of which, Colonel John W. Forney, President Johnson had characterized in a speech as a "dead duck," was entitled "Andy's Pilgrimage," and began as follows:

"Oh, Andy John, my Jo John,
To save your sinking ship,
You've started on a pilgrimage,
An electioneering trip.
It will not save your bacon, John,
The gales are not propitious;
The people are the judges, John,
They say it aint judicious.

"Oh, Andy John, my Jo John,
To lay a corner-stone,
O'er the grave of S. A. Douglas, John,
You left your house and home,
To make a flying trip, John,
You'll find it all in vain;
You can not cheat the people, John,
In your first Fall campaign," etc.

The "Swing around the Circle" was made during the latter part of August and the first part of September, 1866. It comprised about three weeks, and the President stopped at Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Cleveland, Detroit, and other places, on his way to Chicago, and made speeches. These speeches were full of boasting, and an extract from the speech at Detroit, as reported in the papers of the day, reads as follows:

"I am not afraid to talk to the American people, and all the little fellows they put into crowds to call out catchwords with a view of creating disrespect—I care not for them. The whole kennel has been turned loose upon me long since; their little dogs Tray and Blanche and Sweetheart—all have been let loose yelping at my heels for the last eight months. The whole pack of slanderers and calumniators had better get out of the way." And then, after denouncing Congress as a set of usurpers and tyrants, he closed with this defiance: "I trust in you (the people), and, trusting in you, I say let the whole Congress come. Relying on you, I will meet them single-handed and alone. In the words of the poet, I exclaim:

'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.' "

Speeches of the same character were made on the return trip, which was via Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Harrisburg, and Baltimore. When near Philadelphia, an accident occurred—the breaking of a bridge occupied by a party of sightseers; twelve persons were crushed to death, and ninety others were wounded. The trip was made in a special railroad car, and a large party, including, among others, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Secretary of State Seward and Secretary of the Navy Welles, accompanied the President.

General Grant was very fond of traveling; and during his Presidency he made many trips, but they were not of this speech-making and electioneering character. President Hayes made one tour throughout the South

to show himself to the people after the adoption of his Southern policy. The trips of President Arthur were largely made for his health, and they embraced many fishing and hunting excursions. The trip to the Yellowstone Park and that to Florida were the longest of them. Neither of these trips was of much benefit to him. He came back from the Yellowstone weighing less than when he went away. During his Florida trip he became so ill that the newspapers were filled with reports that his life was in danger. During the earlier part of the Florida trip a stone was thrown through the window of his special car, and, as the train approached Wilmington, on the outward journey, the coupling that attached the car to the train broke and left the President and his party for some time in the woods, while the remainder of the passengers were carried two miles onward. As soon as the accident was discovered, the engine was reversed, and the President's car was again attached.

It was thus, it will be seen, with President Arthur as with the majority of the Presidential tourists of the past. A singular fatality seems to attend them while on the road. Washington was insulted and caught cold at Boston; Jackson had his nose pulled at Alexandria, and nar-

rowly escaped death from a cannon at New York; Tyler had two members of his Cabinet killed while making an excursion down the Potomac on the "Princeton;" and a trip full of accidents was that which President John Quincy Adams made with Lafayette in visiting ex-President Monroe at his home at Oak Hill, Virginia. It is hardly fair to call the trip that Madison made so hurriedly from Washington, after the battle of Bladensburg and the burning of the White House by the British, a presidential tour; but he suffered much from a terrible rain-storm while hiding in a miserable cabin for a whole night. And, according to Ward Lamon, one of the great regrets of President Lincoln's life was, that he allowed himself to be smuggled as a sick man through Baltimore on his way to his inauguration. The last great tragedy of our history occurred on the eve of a presidential tour. President Garfield, with his wife and a number of his cabinet, was about to make a trip to New York up the Hudson and into New England. He was waiting at the Washington depot, with his Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, when he was shot by Guiteau; and perhaps the saddest tour a President ever made was that which he took some weeks later when he was carried to Elberon to die.

A TURNCOAT FOR LOVE.

BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

I.

MONTSÉGUR had been most unexpectedly elected deputy in February, 1871. Although possessing no political record, and having scarcely attained the age of parliamentary eligibility—twenty-five—he had a fine estate in the neighborhood of Saint Chamond. He commanded a battalion of mobiles during the war, displayed great bravery, and was wounded at the battle of Mans, January 10, 1871.

He was enjoying the comforts of a temporary hospital established at the residence of the fathers of Sainte Croix, when he received with profound amazement the news of his election to the Assembly of Bordeaux. He certainly could not be charged with having resorted to political intrigues and maneuvers. A candidate without knowing it,

he had become a deputy without wishing for it.

This is what had happened. Who does not remember in what turmoil and confusion the elections of 1871 took place? A Conservative Committee had been formed in great haste at the principal town of the Department of the Lower Saône, and it had made out a list of seven names. On this first list, Montségur's did not appear.

But on the eve of the election, one of the seven—M. de Lormieux—had refused to allow his name to be used, and the committee, greatly embarrassed and taken by surprise, had hurriedly prepared new ballots on which was found that of M. de Montségur. The electors had voted for the latter as readily as they would have voted for the original candidate.

This is one of the advantages of the *scrutin de liste*.* The electors vote with their eyes closed and with entire confidence, without knowing why, or for whom. With the *scrutin d'arrondissement* the voter may have some vague idea of the folly he is about to commit; but with the *scrutin de liste* he never even suspects it.

Thus Montségur, as by a miracle, found himself a deputy. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his wound, about the middle of March, he went straight from the hospital at Mans to the theater at Bordeaux in which the sittings of the legislature were held.

France, at that moment, had very few opinions, and Montségur had fewer even than France. However, the majority in the Chamber inclined toward a re-establishment of the Monarchy, since the Empire had ended badly and the Republic had not begun any better.

Montségur studied the list of the names of his colleagues. Recognizing those of two of his friends among the members of the Right Center, he took his seat beside them and for five years, from 1871 till 1876, quietly and obediently voted with his group at every opportunity.

During these five years Montségur spent a good deal of money. He was young, rich, unmarried, and master both of his life and of his fortune, but made a stupid use of both. He became infatuated with a young person who called herself Réginette, and who, at rare intervals, played trifling parts in the *levens de rideau* at the Theatre of the Palais Royal.

Montségur was so fortunate, or rather so unfortunate, as to fall easily in love, and had already had considerable experience. At the first glimpse of Réginette he had surrendered at discretion, and received the dart squarely in his breast. Réginette was blonde, with big black eyes; her heart was very large, but her hands were very small. In his comedy of "The Attaché," M. Meilhac makes this very witty and true observation: "One would never suspect how much money a woman's hand can hold—especially when it's small." Thus it had happened

that, during this first legislative session, five or six thousand francs, that had dropped from Montségur's pocket-book, had been picked up by the diminutive hands of Réginette.

At the elections of 1876, there was no longer any *scrutin de liste*. M. Buffet had secured the re-adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Montségur wanted to remain deputy. He had acquired a taste for politics and had become quite accustomed to that kind of life. At first the business had seemed somewhat exacting, since, he had begun by conscientiously discharging his duties—attending every session of the Chamber, serving religiously on all the committees, listening to every debate, being present at every division, shouting enthusiastically when he saw that the group was pleased, and groaning when he noticed that it was dissatisfied. In short, he was a model deputy.

His afternoons belonged to France; his evenings to Réginette. She had left the Palais Royal, or, to speak more accurately, the Palais Royal had left her. She was without an engagement, and, greatly annoyed at being so, sought a new one; but not finding it, dreamed of the Théâtre Français. One evening she said to Montségur: "How I should like to get back to the theater, but not to any of your minor ones—to a real theater, to the Comédie Française, for example."

"The Comédie Française!"

"Yes, the Comédie Française. I'm sure it isn't any harder to play there than anywhere else. And I know what would suit me; I should play tragedy."

"Tragedy!"

"Yes, tragedy; I have many good points, but nothing better than my arms. They're splendid! Now it seems that they're indispensable in tragedy, as one is all the time raising them to Heaven, or shaking them convulsively in the air,—railing against fate, invoking the gods! Oh, I know what tragedy is! The antique costume would fit me like a glove. Once I dressed up in the character of a Vestal."

"A Vestal!"

*In France, in the *scrutin de liste*, the deputies for an entire department are voted for, like our Presidential electors, on a general ticket, made up by the leaders of the party, while in the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, each ar-

rondissement, or ward, selects its own candidate. In spite of M. Halévy's witty reference in the text, it is doubtful whether the former method, if less democratic, does not secure better local representatives.—Trans.

"Yes, like a Vestal. What are you laughing at?"

"I wasn't laughing."

"It was at a masked ball; and when I entered, there was a general cry of admiration at my arms. And there was an author there, a real one, who knew what he was talking about, and had had something in verse played somewhere, and he said that with arms like mine, I had only to come on the stage to succeed in tragedy. Well! isn't the *Comédie Française* connected with the government? You've only got to say a word, then, on the eve of some important division, the eve of some day when your vote will be valuable. You dined Wednesday at one of the ministers. What did you talk about?—some railroad in which the electors are interested? But what I'm interested in doesn't trouble you. The voters elected you over the other candidates. Well! so did I choose you from among your rivals, and still I haven't had anything—not a thing!"

"What? nothing!"

"No, nothing, nothing! Not even a tobacco shop for papa.* You will tell me that he has no claim on the government, no right to expect one. But that's just it; if he had, I shouldn't trouble you. Valérie has had better luck than me. She took up with a deputy that wasn't afraid to ask for things, and knew how to get them when he asked. He got a place for her aunt whom she had to provide for, as box-opener at the *Odéon*. And her father has been appointed overseer of a little park, a square that is never opened, which means that he only has to go and look every morning to see whether the gate is shut. That would be just the place for papa. But me first. Come, Fernand, be good. I beg of you, go and see the minister to-morrow and get me into the *Theatre Français*."

While awaiting the day of her début at the *Comédie Française*, poor Réginette, not being able to act herself, went every night to see others act. Every evening she installed herself in a lower proscenium box, while Montségur was obliged to keep guard, behind his divinity, at the back of the *loge*, in an asphyxiating atmosphere, blinded and scorched by the foot-lights, seeing the same

fairy spectacle and the same annual "Review," fifteen or twenty times.

He would frequently attempt to escape, and take a brief stroll on the Boulevard; but, on his return, he was sure to find the box invaded by a crowd of very young men. On his complaining, Réginette would say:

"It's all your fault. If you will go away, I can't prevent my friends coming to speak to me. They see me alone; they come in."

Montségur, who was very much in love and very jealous, didn't dare to budge. His life was therefore a rather sedentary and confined one. One day, in the spring of 1873, his tailor brought him a frock-coat. When he tried to button it, he experienced some difficulty; he had grown a little stouter. The discovery annoyed him. He was rather a fine-looking man and prided himself on his figure. He went to see his physician.

"I am very uneasy," he said to him.

"Are you ill?"

"No, but I'm growing stout."

"Do you take exercise?"

"None at all. I pass my days seated in the legislative chamber at Versailles, and my evenings in the theaters in Paris."

"You must go out and walk in the morning."

"In the morning I sleep. I've never been able to rise before ten or eleven o'clock. I need a great deal of sleep."

"Still you must get the fresh air and walk, walk a good deal, three or four hours a day. There is no other remedy when you first notice that you're growing stout. Walk either in the morning, or in the evening, since, during the day, you are necessarily compelled to attend the sessions of the Chamber."

To walk in the morning and thus sacrifice his sleep—never! To walk in the evening and lose sight of Réginette—never, again! Montségur gave up the Chamber. He, however, went regularly to Versailles. The short railway trips were approved by his physician. It was, be it remembered, a very wholesome mode of life—that led by our legislators when the Chamber was sitting at Versailles. Statistics have proved conclusively that parliamentary mortality has greatly increased since its return to Paris.

* The reader will remember that the commerce in tobacco being a government monopoly in France, the little shops, with the sign "*Débit de Tabac*," where it is sold

at retail, together with postage-stamps, are much sought after by tradespeople of small means, as affording a sure income without the necessity of risking any capital.

Montségur therefore continued to go to Versailles, only on his arrival he merely passed through the Palace. He would stroll about for ten minutes among the benches, shake hands with his acquaintances, and then go for tremendous "constitutionals" in the park. His name, however, was to be found on all the voting lists—that was the main point—as he had arranged with his right-hand neighbor, who was never absent, to vote for him.

Montségur, thanks to his enthusiasm for exercise, at the end of six months found that his coat fitted him admirably. He had grown thin. Such was his daily life, and such the reasons why his parliamentary duties sat so lightly on him, and why he was strongly disposed to continue his hygienic promenades in the park at Versailles. These walks, by the way, brought him annually, or rather brought Réginette, an income of ten thousand francs. It appears that the latter had one day dismissed a blonde youth whose attentions annoyed Montségur, and that the deputy, in a spasm of gratitude, had made over to the young actress of the Palais Royal his entire salary. She had thus become a component part of the national budget, and in consequence naturally urged Montségur not to give up his political career, but to energetically carry on the fight in the arrondissement of Saint Chamond.

For this time a fight was inevitable. Montségur was opposed by both a Legitimist and a Radical. He was consequently compelled to have views, to organize a campaign, like his opponents, to arrange public meetings, to make a profession of political faith, and to have mapped out something like a programme of action. He managed the affair with considerable skill. He declared that the form of government was indifferent to him, that he would agree to a republic on condition that it strongly resembled a monarchy, or to a monarchy on condition that it strongly resembled a republic. He was elected by six thousand votes, over the Legitimist, who received two thousand, and the Radical, who only got five hundred.

Montségur resumed his seat with the Right Center, and his place by Réginette. She was more blonde and more avaricious than ever. He continued to see his money fly away from him until the day when his colleague, Lam-

bertin, member and secretary of the Left Center, begged him to honor him with his presence at dinner on Wednesday, March 15, at seven o'clock.

II.

AND on Wednesday, March 15, at seven o'clock, at the door of a salon furnished in white and red, No. 67, Boulevard Haussmann, on the first floor above the entresol, Montségur's susceptible heart was suddenly pierced by a second dart much sharper than that which he had received one evening at the Palais Royal theater while seated in orchestra chair No. 92. Madame Lambertin was a charming woman, dark, slender, delicate, but not unpleasantly thin. She was of fairy stature—fifty-two centimeters—and her shoulders were beyond criticism. She took pleasure in doing the honors to her guests, and graciously refused to conceal her bust, at least any more of it than it was necessary to hide at a political dinner. For it was a political dinner. Mme. Lambertin was a very circumspect, a very intelligent, and a very ambitious woman. She was quite well aware of her husband's utter insignificance, and that apart from her, Laura Lambertin,—she was called Laura—he had neither merit nor political value.

It was she, and she alone, who had made Lambertin Municipal Counselor, Mayor, Counselor-General, Deputy, Secretary of the Left Center, et cetera, et cetera. In short, she had made him what he was. She dreamed of still greater honors for him; she saw him a Cabinet Minister, and the road to the Ministry lay through the presidency of the Left Center. That was the stepping-stone! Thus her aim was to swell the ranks of his party; to recruit it from among her personal friends, friends devoted to the Lambertin fortunes. She was active, ardent, energetic, and impassioned.

Mme. Lambertin seized Montségur after dinner and delivered, for his sole benefit, in one corner of the salon, an eloquent political address:

"What? He was tarrying on the benches of the Right Center? It was madness. France had marched on, and it was necessary to march on with France. The country was Left Center; it had to be Left Center!"

Laura Lambertin spoke with great power and warmth. Her animation heightened

her beauty. Slightly swollen by emotion, the little blue veins could be traced under her delicate, transparent skin.

Montségur did not listen to Mme. Lambertin. He watched her talk. So have I known one of my friends, who was passionately enamored of a singer who had beautiful features, but a harsh, untuneful voice, to stuff his ears with cotton that he might "see her sing" with comfort. Montségur remained motionless, lost in the contemplation of those faultless shoulders. He had heard many orators in the Chamber when he used to attend the sessions simply as a listener; but neither M. Thiers, the Duke de Broglie, M. Gambetta, nor Monseigneur Dupanloup had made anything like such an impression on him.

One evening he had dined at M. Thiers', and the President of the Republic, on leaving the table, had taken him aside in a corner of the grand salon at the préfecture of Versailles. The *mise en scène* had been the same and the address the same. M. Thiers, who was a wonderful talker as well as a great orator, had rehearsed the virtues and the attractions of the Left Center at great length. Montségur had held his own against the eloquence of M. Thiers, but he was weak when assailed by that of Mme. Lambertin. Was it because M. Thiers was not décolleté? Was it because his words were not re-enforced by a smile on lips as red as cherries, and which disclosed teeth as white as pearls? Was it because his sentences were not emphasized by the graceful gestures of those beautiful arms, separated from those victorious shoulders only by an almost imperceptible shred of mauve satin?

At the beginning of Marivaux's pretty romance, Marianne is upset in the street by Valville's coach. (In those days lovers were called Valville, and carriages were always coaches.) Poor Marianne's foot is hurt. Valville springs down from his coach, lifts her up and carries her into his house, where he places her on a couch. A surgeon is sent for, and having arrived, asks to see the lady's foot. The latter blushes deeply, although she firmly believes that she has the smallest foot in the world, and that, as Valville will be compelled to admire it, she will not come so badly out of the adventure. She, however, makes a show of resisting, and pretends that she will only take off her

shoe; but this is not enough. She then resigned herself to circumstances, and in relating the incident afterward, said:

"When my foot was ready, the surgeon examined and felt it. The good man, in order the better to decide as to the extent of the injury, bent over a good deal, as he was old, and Valville mechanically followed his example and also stooped a good deal—because he was young. He didn't know much about my wound, but he became thoroughly acquainted with my foot!"

So it was with Montségur. He didn't know much about politics, but he was a connoisseur in shoulders, and felt himself being gently drawn toward the Left Center, when Mme. Lambertin said: "Believe me, Monsieur, believe me. There is no Group but ours; there's no Group but ours."

Laura Lambertin's dressmaker was one of the most skillful in her profession, and the corsage she had devised for the cunning diplomatist was a masterpiece of boldness and precision. Its effect on Montségur was such that during the second fortnight of March, the ties that bound him to Réginette were sensibly weakened; during the first fortnight of April they had yielded still more, while in the second fortnight of April they were finally and irretrievably broken. Montségur was preparing for his passage to the Left Center. He became one of the frequenters of the Lambertin salon.

One evening, in the midst of a political dissertation, he introduced an expression referring to a subject of a more ardent and more personal nature. His only answer was a smile. The following evening he grew bolder, and the entire conversation turned on love rather than politics, protestations of eternal devotion taking the place of arguments regarding MM. Dufaure, Jules Simon, de Marcère, de Fourtou and other public men. At last one day—the 15th of May, 1877 (and this date should be kept in the reader's mind as one of capital importance)—Montségur reached Mme. Lambertin's about two P.M. The husband had been called to the Chamber to preside over a committee-meeting, and Montségur, taking advantage of the opportunity, declared his infatuation in unmistakable terms. He was eloquent, he was audacious—and Madame entered no protest. He was about turning on new floods of eloquence, when, suddenly, pretty Mme. Lam-

bertin, releasing her hands which Montségur had been holding close prisoners in his, exclaimed :

"You say that you love me?"

"Yes, I love you."

"That you worship me?"

"Yes, I worship you."

"And you have the hardihood to confess it?"

"Yes, I dare confess it."

"And you are not yet enrolled among the members of the Left Center?"

Then Montségur burst forth in a frenzy of enthusiasm: "On leaving here I shall go and enroll my name among the members of the Left Center. I swear it, Laura, I swear it."

It was the first time he had called her Laura, but it was not the last.

The same afternoon, about five o'clock, faithful to his oath, Montségur enrolled himself with the Left Center. There was a cry of joy throughout the Liberal press. The Monarchists were coming over to the Republic. The surprise and indignation among Montségur's old political friends were great: they talked of "treason!"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in reply; "France is marching on; I must keep step with her."

Remember that all this passed on May 15, 1877, and Marshal McMahon on the day following perpetrated his famous *coup d'état*, or rather his *coup de tête*, by writing that famous letter to M. Jules Simon.*

On what trifles does the fate of empires depend! If Marshal MacMahon had written his letter on May 14th, instead of May 16th; if Lambertin had not been called on the 15th to the Palais Bourbon, to preside over a committee meeting; if Montségur had not taken advantage of his absence to pay Laura this decisive visit, I beg of you to note the consequences. The 16th of May would have found Montségur still a member of the Right Center. One vote would have changed the result. Only three hundred and sixty-two Deputies, instead of three hundred and sixty-three, would have declared that "the Cabinet of May 17th, representing the coalition of parties hostile to the Republic, was a menace to order and peace, as well as a source

of annoyance to the commercial and other interests of the country."

Instead of being ranked among "those noble citizens whose steadfast convictions, whose proud attitude had saved the public liberties," Montségur figured pitifully among "the shameless members of that odious coalition which was plotting to revive the darkest days the history of France had ever known."

Such was the language of the time. But for Mme. Lambertin's victorious shoulders the three hundred and sixty-three would only have been three hundred and sixty-two. Montségur was therefore a turncoat for love, much as one out of politeness makes the fourteenth at dinner.

It was Love again that re-elected Montségur. The arrondissement of Saint Chamond had also marched on. It would have rejected Montségur as a member of the Right Center; it welcomed him with open arms as a representative of the Left, giving him seven thousand votes. The editor of the Saint Chamond *Libéral* declared that Montségur had, "with admirable political foresight, seen in time the reefs on which the ship of state was about to founder."

But that wasn't what Montségur had seen! He returned to the Chamber more amorous, and consequently more Left Center, than ever. He did not suspect what was awaiting him. If Saint Chamond had "marched on," the arrondissement of Bargeton, which Lambertin sat for, had advanced still more rapidly and recklessly. Lambertin, in order to secure his election, had had to promise to take a seat with the Republican Left!

At the end of this electoral turmoil, which seemed to him eternal in its duration, since it separated him from her he loved, Montségur hastened to Mme. Lambertin's and seemed to take it for granted that he was to be received on the same footing as during the previous session, but Laura gently undeceived him. "*Mon ami*, with which party do you intend to act?"

"With which party?" exclaimed Montségur in great astonishment; "do you believe me capable of abandoning the Left Center?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" was the reply, "that is pre-

* The reference in the text is to the rude and insulting letter, by writing which the then President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, compelled the then Premier,

Jules Simon, to submit his resignation. A new ministry, under the leadership of the Duke de Broglie, was formed in a few days.

cisely the party that we have just left. Edouard has just enrolled his name with the Republican Left."

"With the Republican Left?"

"Yes, and what Edouard has done you can not but do. You owe it to him to follow his example."

The Republican Left! He was thunder-struck. He remonstrated, argued. It was going ahead too fast. "Not so fast as France, *mon ami*. She no longer walks, she runs! and we must run with her."

"You are asking too much of me. I can't do it, Laura; I really can't. Only think of it. Then there are my convictions—my political relations—my—"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, passionately, "what is all that in comparison with our love?"

Mme. Lambertin had such winning, gentle ways that she never failed to carry her point. Two hours later Montségur enrolled himself with the Republican Left.

Thus Montségur and Lambertin walked, like two good friends, arm in arm into the camp of the new coalition. This latter group was much more important, much more numerous; Mme. Lambertin redoubled her zeal and her enthusiasm. She achieved wonders, did not spare herself, and displayed phenomenal activity. Her salon took on a more decided tone; her politics were a little more highly colored. Her pretty lips did not hesitate to form the word "democracy," lips that thus far had stopped short at "liberalism."

Success crowned such sacrifice! Mme. Lambertin, during the first session, managed to win over to the Republican Left a dozen hesitating and timid members of the Left Center, and soon enjoyed in her new Group the same popularity that had been hers in the old. But poor Montségur felt himself a little neglected. He had been already won, and was, therefore, not worth wasting more time upon. Laura was quite sure of him and did not care to expend her energy uselessly. Yes, she no doubt preferred him to others, but she could not afford to neglect any one on his account. He complained, grumbled, got himself snubbed for his pains, and then grew sullen and morose.

In the evening when the salon was full to overflowing with senators and deputies, office-holders and journalists; when, with

wonderful grace, Mme. Lambertin endeavored to say a word to each, Montségur did not lose sight of her for an instant, and would now and then catch her in a corner, and enact tragic scenes that annoyed her terribly and did not at all accord with her complicated scheme of politics. During one of these encounters, she grew quite red in the face and declared that he was becoming insufferable.

"You will ruin my salon," she said.

"Your conduct last evening was intolerable. You compromise me, and make me conspicuous, while you render yourself ridiculous. You insist on interrupting the most harmless interviews with your tragic manner. Lambertin would never act like that. You are a permanent obstacle to my husband's fortune and future."

"I love you."

"And I, too, my dear, I love you. I have already said so, and I repeat it—I love you! I love you!! I love you!!! Does that satisfy you? Is that enough? Are you contented, or shall I say it over again? Is it understood? This ought to be sufficient. Then have confidence. Confidence is so nice, and it is so stupid to be jealous."

Three long years elapsed—years of storms and agitation, of anger and tenderness, of quarrels and peace-making, of eternal separations and sudden reconciliations—Montségur was constantly threatening to pack up his luggage and return to the Left Center—nay, even to the Right Center. He would, he said, find his old friends there, and they would welcome his return like that of the repentant Prodigal! Then he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain, captured by a little cajolery, by some piece of condescension, by a four-line note which contained no political allusion. He would fall again under the charm, take up his yoke, and his torments would begin anew. In reality he was very much in love, and, consequently, very unhappy.

The Lambertins owned the pretty château of Larnas, near Bargeton, and there was excellent sport in the neighborhood. Montségur went there every year to enjoy the opening of the hunting season, for four or five weeks, quite by himself and away from the Chamber and politics. It was like a halt in parliamentary intrigue, a delicious moment of repose from partisan

strife! In the morning he would ride with Laura, and in the evening he would walk with her in the moonlight by the banks of the tiny stream that wound through the park. He had her to himself, altogether to himself, free from the presence of any disquieting guest. There was only the husband between them, and a husband counts for so little when he is not—everything!

The opening of the hunting season in the month of September, 1880, assumed at the Lambertins a quite political character. The elections were approaching. Montségur saw a half-dozen deputies of the Republican Left and a half-dozen of the Union Républicaine arrive at Larnas. The session was to be continued on a smaller scale at Mme. Lambertin's. In the evening, by the banks of the tiny stream, and in the moonlight, instead of tales of love the echoes only resounded to stupid discussions as to the comparative merits of the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*.

Laura became entirely preoccupied. She was arranging a great Republican *fête champêtre*, which was to be given in the park. The presence of at least two cabinet ministers was counted upon. There was to be a banquet, fireworks, and an elaborate address by Lambertin. And as he was incapable of composing it himself, it was Laura who had to shut herself up with one of the lights of the Union Républicaine, a tall dark fellow, not too stupid and a good talker. This was more than Montségur could stand. His anger burst forth and a scene was the result. She listened coldly, and when he declared that he would leave, she replied with perfect placidity: "My dear, there are two express trains, one in the morning at nine, the other in the evening at ten. Whenever you wish, I will have you driven to the station."

"Well, then, this evening."

"So be it. It is a fifty minutes' drive, the carriage will be ready at nine."

Montségur plead the necessity of going to report to his constituents, packed his trunk, and left the same evening. Laura pressed his hand as he was getting into the carriage, and whispered in his ear:

"You're a great baby; you'll soon be coming back."

"No," was his reply.

And what was still more remarkable was, that he unwittingly spoke the truth.

III.

MONTSEGUR had at Saint Chamond an election committee presided over by one Brinquart, a large manufacturer who had lived long enough to have been an enthusiastic Philippist under Louis Philippe, an enthusiastic Cavaignacist under Cavaignac, an enthusiastic Bonapartist under Bonaparte, an enthusiastic Thierist under M. Thiers, and an enthusiastic Grévyist since the election of M. Grévy to the Presidency. M. Brinquart was equally determined to become an enthusiastic Gambettist on the day, which seemed rapidly approaching, when M. Gambetta should become master of France and of the Republic.

Brinquart was one of those men, who, while they cried, "Long live the government of to-day!" were prepared to exclaim, with equal ardor, "Long live the government of to-morrow!" Our unfortunate country is frightfully slandered; France is being constantly stigmatized as a land of revolutions. Nothing could be more unjust. The French, on the contrary, are so conservative a people that they generally arrange for two governments at once—the one actually in office, and which has been freely chosen, and another, which stands waiting in the wings ready to go on the stage and overturn the existing order of things at a moment's notice!

Montségur now had to call his committee together, and render an account of his labors during the session just ended. Had he wished to be scrupulously exact, that account would have been couched in these words:

"I have continued to adore the wife of my colleague, Lambertin, but she is a terrible coquette, and has made me suffer martyrdom during the entire session."

Such would have been the report made by the Lover, but the Deputy was compelled to use more parliamentary language—to allude to the burning questions of the hour, such as the expulsion of the Jesuits, the separation of Church and State, the abolition of the Senate, the revision of the Constitution, etc., etc. Montségur's explanations were slightly involved and somewhat reactionary. To grow really enthusiastic on the subject of the Republic, it was necessary for him to be in the presence of the Gentle Being who knew so well how to show up the shortcomings of Monarchy.

The Committee received Montségur's account of his stewardship rather coldly. Chemist Mignonnet asked to be heard. Brinquant gave him the floor. Mignonnet used pretty severe language. According to him, Montségur had been indolent, feeble, timid, irresolute! He had not listened to the voice of France, although she spoke loud and clear. France would be heard; France would be obeyed. There must be progress! progress!! progress!!! The watchword was, "*En avant!*" always "*En avant!*"

Montségur replied that he had already marched forward to some purpose, and was, in point of fact, becoming somewhat tired. He felt the need of rest, and he was of the opinion that the majority of Frenchmen fully coincided with him.

That settled it. At the mere suggestion of a pause in the onward and upward progress of his country, the chemist expressed the greatest indignation. He would not admit that France could ever stop. Brinquant, who took a friendly interest in Montségur, seeing that he was about to still further commit himself, suddenly adjourned the meeting and taking him aside, said:

"You're on the wrong track. Come and dine with me to-night in a quiet way. We shall be alone and we can talk."

Brinquant was no fool. It would have been an easy matter for him to have compelled Montségur's resignation, and to have had himself chosen deputy of Saint Chamond at the next election. A little vulgar, but rich, industrious, bustling, endowed with a good head for business, and having several great commercial enterprises on hand, he had no desire to go to Paris to waste ink and paper and make speeches among the five hundred and fifty rulers of France. He didn't wish to be deputy himself and he was equally unwilling that Mignonnet should fill that office; but the chemist would certainly get the place if Montségur didn't manage matters with a little more common sense. Brinquant wished to spare the arrondissement of Saint Chamond the ridicule of being represented by Mignonnet, who, although a free-thinker and a freemason, was—a fool.

Montségur went that evening to dine with Brinquant. There were only five at table—Monsieur and Madame Brinquant, M. Lucien Brinquant, lieutenant in the Second Hussars, Mlle. Adrienne Brinquant, and himself.

Dinner-time was mainly occupied by an address by Brinquant *père*, delivered for his guest's benefit. It was necessary to come to a decision, to come out clearly, boldly before the general elections. Montségur must leave the Republican Left as he had in turn left the Left Center and the Right Center. There was no future save for the Union Républicaine; the future was with Gambetta; and one should always belong to the Party of the Future! Such was M. Brinquant's theory, and it was the theory of a good many people. But Montségur was not listening to Brinquant celebrating the glory of the Union Républicaine, as on a certain evening in the past he had been equally oblivious when Mme. Lambertin had sung the praises of the Left Center.

He was looking at Adrienne—for the third time an arrow had gone straight to his heart. He was at once entranced and dumbfounded. He remembered to have seen, three or four years before, a dark-complexioned, thick-set child walking in the environs of Saint Chamond with an English governess. She wore short dresses which allowed her large feet to be seen, and she was thin, angular, plain, squarely built, and without the slightest pretense to grace of form. Her one redeeming feature was a pair of rather fine eyes. Such was Mlle. Brinquant as he remembered her.

For some years he had not met her when he came to St. Chamond. She had gone to Paris to be educated, and educated in a convent! M. Brinquant was at heart a disciple of Voltaire. He was accustomed to inveigh against Clericalism, dwelt on the advantages of secular education, and had approved of the establishment of government schools for girls—but he had intrusted Adrienne to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She had just left the convent, and had bloomed forth in all the grace and freshness of her spring-time. She had a slender, delicate figure, with great eyes—at once bold and ingenuous—that looked out at one from a smooth complexion, and thick braids of golden hair that fell behind on the pleats of her white muslin dress. Her waist had become shapely and the feet were now in proper proportion to the rest of the body; for the waist and the feet are the two things with women which, after having increased in size from ten to fifteen years of age, diminish from fifteen to twenty.

Brinquant prosed, and prosed, and prosed. Montségur admired, admired, admired! What was wanting in the father's words he found in the daughter's eyes, and the beauty of the one helped him to endure the eloquence of the other. However, the address of M. Brinquant called for a reply, and Montségur's response was a decided one. He declared that he had determined not to take one step toward the Left. It might cost him his election, but he cared not. Having been home several days at his country-seat, he had suddenly taken a liking for the old place. He felt as though he were being born again; he had kissed his mother earth! He was out of doors from morning till night, roaming around the country on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage!

"You ride, Monsieur?"

It was the first time Adrienne had addressed him. He thought the question charming, uttered in an earnest, musical tone of voice.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," he replied.

"And you like it?"

"Exceedingly."

"And I, passionately. I ride every morning with my brother."

"And we have to accuse ourselves," added that young officer, "with sometimes playing truant on your property."

"On my property?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said Adrienne. "Papa's woods are in some places a little mixed up with yours. There is in particular a ha-ha hedge that makes such a good leap—such a very tempting leap—that—"

"You take it sometimes?"

"Not sometimes, Monsieur, but every time when we ride in that direction; and once started, we can't resist the temptation of taking an illegal gallop on your grounds."

"And you are quite right, Mademoiselle. My woods are entirely at your disposal, and you may leap the hedge with an easy conscience."

Politics were abandoned, and the conversation turned on horses, hunting, dogs—subjects quite as perennial and inexhaustible. But, dinner ended, M. Brinquant again took possession of Montségur and continued his speech. Adrienne, however, succeeded in effecting the release of the unhappy victim.

"Come, papa, be reasonable. Let M. de

Montségur take his coffee in comfort. How many pieces of sugar, Monsieur?"

"Two, Mademoiselle."

"There, Monsieur; and do you know what we ought to do, papa, right away? Look! what splendid weather! We should go for a stroll in the park."

And they went for a stroll. There was there, as at Larnas, a babbling stream, and also, as at Larnas, plenty of moonlight; and while M. Brinquant explained to Montségur how he had filled up a ravine here and made a grotto there, the latter was watching Adrienne. He admired the frankness and decision of her manner and the graceful harmony of her movements.

"A young goddess," he said to himself; "a young goddess!"

The reader is aware that Montségur easily fell in love, and this capacity for self-surrender is a great resource in life. In an instant, as if by magic, the gentle and soothing presence of this young girl had driven from Montségur's mind the tormenting recollection of Laura Lambertin. In fact, there is but one cure for Love, and that is—Love.

On returning to the house, I regret to say that Montségur lied shamelessly. While in point of fact he abhorred whist, he declared that he idolized it. He played with both M. and Mme. Brinquant; but Heavens! what revoking, and what extraordinary leads! Playing weak suits when he should have led strong ones, and strong ones when it would have been better policy to have concealed his strength!

It was Adrienne who was responsible for this. She was not still an instant; now taking a few stitches in her embroidery, then going to look at her brother who was sketching; stopping a moment before the piano, and without sitting down, striking a few notes of the slow waltz "Sylvia," and finally nestling down by her father, opposite Montségur, and saying: "I must try and understand something about this game."

It was Montségur who seemed to have lost all knowledge of it. He was hopelessly at sea, playing a heart to a club, and a spade to a diamond. Brinquant, who never jested at whist, and regarded it as a serious amusement, observed sternly: "You don't seem to have had much practice."

"Not much," replied poor Montségur; "not much."

"You seem to understand the game, but your play is uneven—you forget yourself sometimes."

Imagining that the dinner would be a bore, and the evening but little less tiresome than the dinner, Montségur had ordered his carriage for ten o'clock. It was midnight when he started home, having lost one hundred and forty counters, at ten sous the counter. Mme. Brinquant had won them, and, delighted with her evening, she declared that she had never seen a more charming or accomplished man. The conquest of Mme. Brinquant had only cost Montségur seventy francs—and it was cheap at the price!

Seven o'clock the next morning saw him on horseback, on his way to take up a position in the woods opposite the entrance to the Brinquarts' park. He remained there a whole hour, himself invisible, but having a very good view. Had she not said the day before: "I ride every morning with my brother?"

And, in fact, about eight o'clock, he saw both brother and sister appear. They entered the wood, and Montségur for a while kept them in sight, then by taking a cross-cut and a little maneuvering, he came on them at the turning of an avenue in apparently the most accidental manner possible. They then trotted and galloped along in company on one of the finest mornings imaginable. They directed their course toward the locality where the Brinquant woods and the Montségur woods intermingled. All three took the ha-ha jump at the same moment and with equal success, after which Montségur, finding himself at home, did the honors of his park and of his forest. Adrienne ambled by his side, and he watched her closely, thinking her as charming when mounted as she had been on foot, and prettier yet by daylight than she had seemed by moonlight, because he could see her better.

Whist party succeeded whist party, ride followed ride. When it was time for the Chamber to meet, Montségur got himself granted leave of absence on account of ill-health. But a still more remarkable circumstance was that M. Brinquant no longer talked of progress, or made the slightest allusion to the Union Républicaine. Three months glided by, and Montségur was thinking of inviting his Aunt Caroline to come from

Paris and make a formal proposal, when an event occurred that decided him to risk everything and throw formality to the winds. It was only a very trifling event, nothing more than the pressure of a hand. As Montségur was leaving one evening, Adrienne, in saying good-bye, had pressed his hand so tenderly, so caressingly, that he was instantly filled with impatience and hope.

During the three months not a word had marred the perfect propriety of their intercourse, and while gently drawn to each other, they had found a way to impart the tender secret by means of these slight pressures of the hand, whose meaning daily became clearer and less liable to misinterpretation. There are so many ways of saying that we love!

There had been many phases in this peculiar mode of intercourse. At first, the hand-shaking had been hasty, uncertain, hesitating. Then, as they gradually became friends, the couple had reached the common ground of good fellowship, and they had grasped each other's hands frankly, openly, and in a fraternal spirit. Then, suddenly, and as if through their interlaced fingers an electric current had run, both on the same day experienced the same agitation, the same embarrassment. The hand-shaking became brief, nervous, excited! This crisis, however, proved to be brief. A more tender sentiment had unconsciously taken possession of them, and hands were now pressed in a lingering, confiding grasp. It was at this point that on the previous evening Adrienne had allowed her hand to rest a moment in that of Montségur, while they conversed in tones slightly affected by emotion, of quite indifferent subjects. Suddenly she had blushed crimson, and had said to herself:

"My hand! Heavens, where is my hand, and how long has it been there!"

The two having come to the end of their remarks, their hands had unconsciously remained grasped until, after a pause which had seemed to her eternal, although pleasurable, Adrienne summoned up energy enough to withdraw the offending member.

This was the cause that brought Montségur, serious and grave, into M. Brinquant's working-room the following morning. He sat down and began with the following sentence, which he had spent much time in elaborating:

"My dear Monsieur Brinquart, I have to make you an important confession, to state, in fact, that—"

His voice slightly trembled, and he stopped.

M. Brinquart looked at him and replied :

"I know what it is."

"You know?"

"You have fallen in love with Adrienne, and you have come to ask for her hand."

"You have guessed right."

"Why, you don't think I go around with my eyes in my pocket? You're a thoroughly good fellow and an honest man. You have a fine fortune, and although we are neighbors, we have never had the slightest misunderstanding regarding boundaries, party-walls, depredations, or the preservation of game, a fact which I cite as complimentary to us both. In short, I shall be most willing to call you my son-in-law, and my wife feels as I do. You captured her heart the very first day.

"This is the reason why we put no obstacles in the way when we saw that you were becoming interested in Adrienne. You may be sure that, had our feelings been otherwise, we should not have permitted all these morning rides and moonlight walks. Thus, so far as my wife and I are concerned, you have nothing to fear. As regards Adrienne, I will go and ascertain her views, listen to her confession, which, between you and me, won't prove a long one. Go take a turn in the park, go all around it, and in half an hour come back. You will then receive my answer."

And as Montségur rose, M. Brinquart added: "Don't be too anxious."

No, Montségur was not anxious. He walked obediently around the park, but he walked rapidly. As he again came in sight of the château, and at the end of the avenue, about a hundred paces before him, he saw a white dress against the verdure. It was Adrienne. She was coming courageously to him, all alone. When she had arrived

within a few steps, when she was quite close to him, he saw that no formal reply was necessary. Adrienne's answer was in her eyes, in her smile, in the ingenuous and undisguised emotion of her whole being. She took Montségur's arm, and they returned slowly to the château, still without speaking. When there is so much to be said, the easiest way to make one's self understood is to say nothing at all. Still, as they approached the house, Adrienne stopped and remarked with slight embarrassment :

"Papa has given his consent on one condition."

"Oh! anything he likes; anything you like."

"Oh! it's all the same to me, I assure you—so indifferent am I that I scarcely know what I'm going to ask you. But if you are re-elected to the Chamber, you are to enroll yourself with the Un—the Union Républicaine. Is that the right name?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And you consent?"

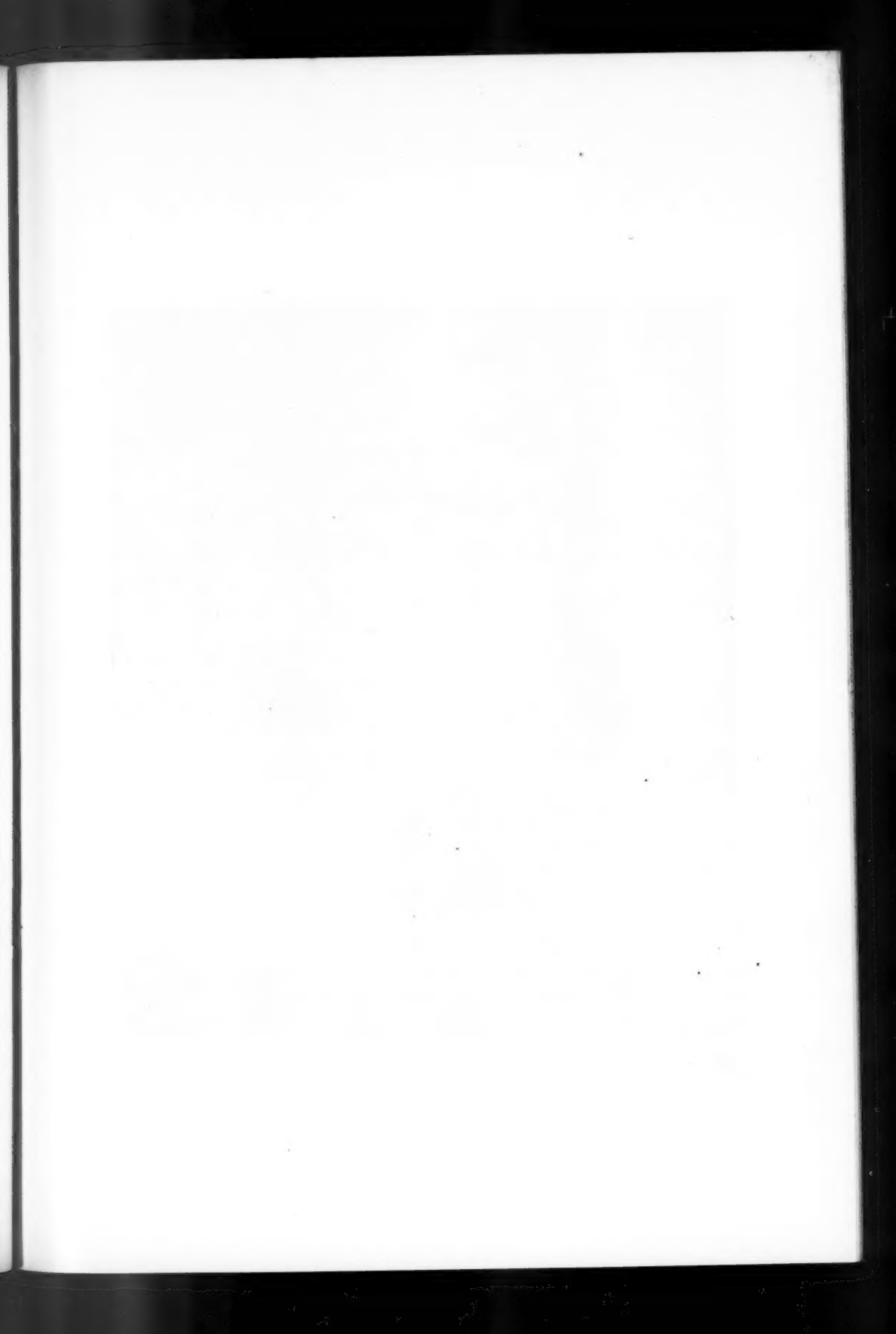
"Consent? Why, with all my heart. I shall enroll myself wherever you wish; you understand, wherever you wish. I only make one condition—you must allow me to worship you."

"Oh! yes, I'll allow it."

And this is how Love again made Montségur's election sure. The chemist ran but was annihilated. Montségur secured the seat.

A few days ago that incorruptible representative of the French people redeemed his promise, and enrolled himself as an adherent of the Union Républicaine. Another deputy was also engaged in signing the register; it was Lambertin.

"Ah!" he exclaimed on seeing Montségur, "you're following my example, and you're right. France is marching on, and we must follow her. Mme. de Montségur is in Paris with you, I presume. You must bring her to see us some evening. My wife will be delighted to make her acquaintance."





From a Photograph.

THE GRAND PRIZE.

Engraved by Frederick Jungling.